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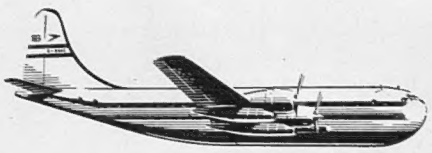

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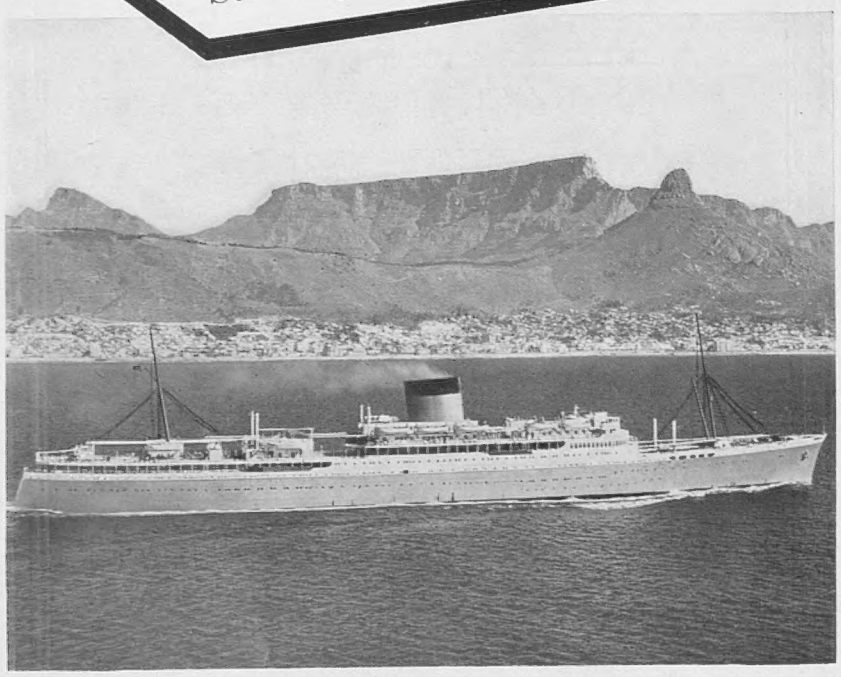

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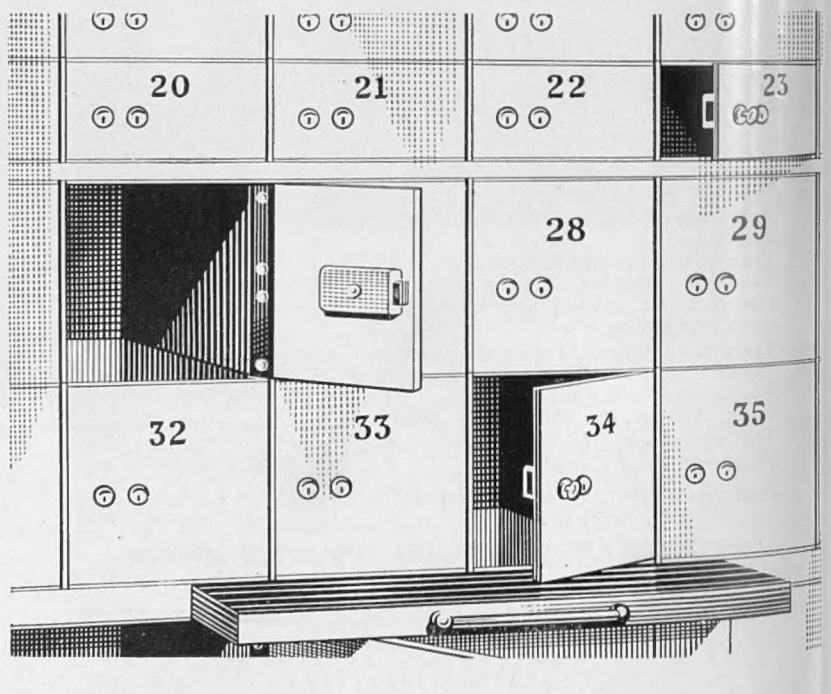

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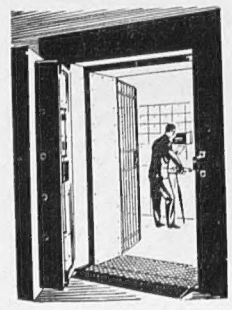

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Volume CCXVI No. 2817 The SPHERE, London, February 6, 1954

The SPHERE

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BRITAIN IN THE GRIP OF AN ICY WINTER — THE WILTSHIRE VILLAGE OF CASTLE COMBE AFTER A HEAVY SNOWFALL DURING THE SEVERE WEATHER EXPERIENCED THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY AT THE TURN OF THE MONTH: After several days of intense cold, snow spread over the whole country last week-end and by Sunday night not one county in England or Wales was completely free of snow or ice. Many roads were rendered impassable. Wiltshire was one of the worst-hit areas, while in Dorset and Hampshire there were drifts up to 11 ft. deep. Kent and Central and North Wales also had heavy snowfalls.

The wintry conditions which had been prevailing for several days in various parts of England intensified last week-end and reports of snow and ice came in from almost every quarter. London experienced its first heavy snowfall of the winter and villages in the south of England were cut off. Traffic was delayed and some country bus services were suspended, while on the railways icing of rails and points caused delays in the schedules. Snowploughs were used to clear ways along many roads and after some hours single-line traffic was restored on several routes. In the country districts on Sunday winter-sports enthusiasts soon began taking advantage of the deep snow, while skaters made their way to the frozen ponds—a sport which in some northern counties unhappily proved fatal to twenty-three persons. At sea the conditions varied; in the Channel an easterly gale gave Continental passengers unpleasant crossings, but in the north many colliers were able to take advantage of a slight respite and leave their stormbound ports. (Further pictures of Britain's Icy Winter will be found on pp. 178–79.)

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Vol. CCXVI, No. 2817. February 6, 1954

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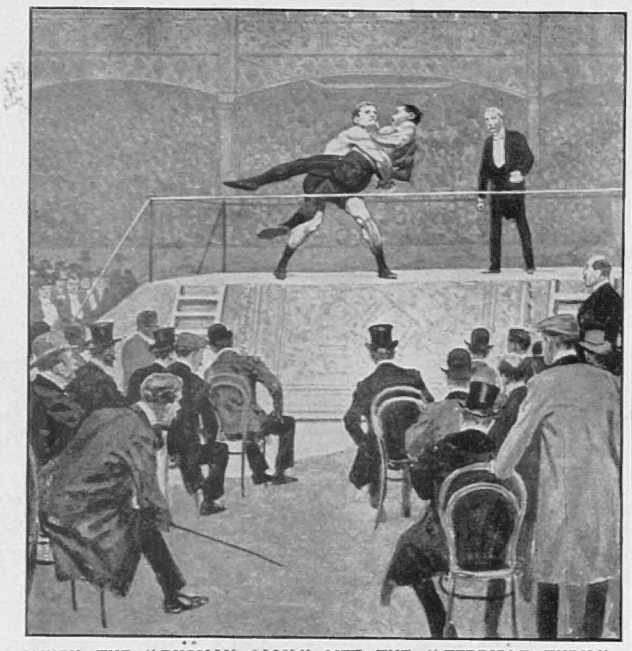
FROM "THE SPHERE" OF 50 YEARS AGO



WHEN THE "RUSSIAN LION" MET THE "TERRIBLE TURK": The wrestling match in the Greco-Roman style between Georges Hackenschmidt and Ahmed Madrali, which was witnessed by an enormous crowd at Olympia in February, 1904. The Turk was said to be the Sultan of Turkey's favourite wrestler. The match was over in forty-four seconds, for Madrali was thrown by his lighter-weight antagonist, his right arm being dislocated in the process.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Drawings.—*The Art Editor will be pleased to consider artists' specimens and has an especial interest in architectural, shipping, aeronautical, industrial and scientific subjects. It is essential that contributors have a high standard of technical accuracy, as well as of artistic merit. Artists should make an appointment with the Art Editor before submitting their work, or should write to him giving a brief description of its scope if they wish to send specimens through the post. All work should bear a short description and the name and address of the contributor, together with stamps for its return through the post should this be necessary. It is essential that the copyright of all drawings is at the disposal of the owner, as* THE SPHERE *generally publishes the work only after obtaining all rights.*

Photography.—*Topical photographs of news events and of personalities in the news will always be considered. It is absolutely essential that these are fully and accurately captioned. Negatives will not be considered and photoprints should be at least* 8 *ins. by* 6 *ins. The copyright of such pictures must be at the disposal of the sender, postage included for those sent by mail.*

Manuscripts.—*Articles and Synopses should always be sent direct to the Editor and, if possible, accompanied with illustrations and photographs. In each case the pictures should be adequately captioned. Articles are required on all subjects relating to the news of the day, ranging in length from* 750 *words to* 2,000 *words.*

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

DUNDEE

A Portrait of the City

By GEORGE BLAKE

A London Newslette

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

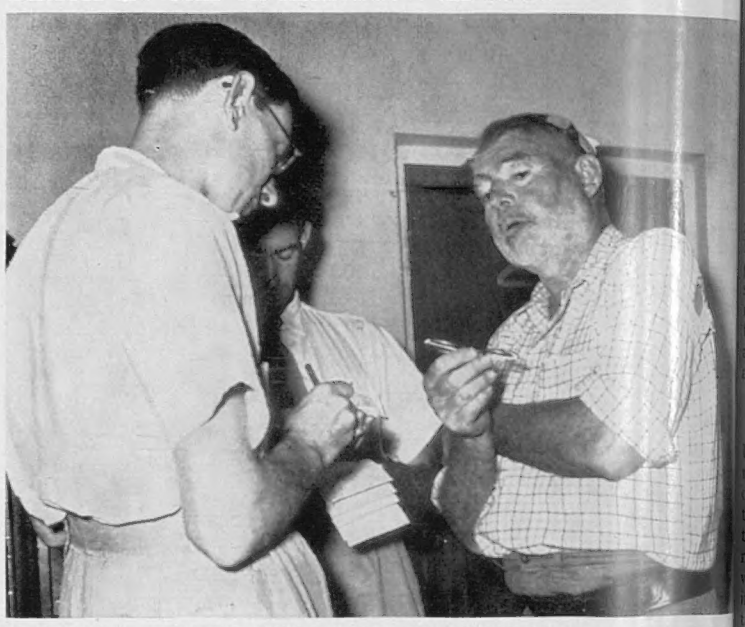
"Held Fast for England."—It is not unusual with dictators, when faced with domestic troubles, to seek for a grievance outside their country and turn it into a national slogan to divert public attention from the domestic front. The nation's "students" can be relied on to keep the grievance alive. And often enough the slogan is so successful and stimulating that the dictator is compelled by public enthusiasm to believe in it himself, or to take action to implement it which he never intended. So with Franco and Gibraltar. It was nice of the Caudillo to explain that he doesn't blame our Queen personally for holding on to Gibraltar. He needn't worry. She was carefully grounded in history by the late Sir Henry Martin and is well aware what Gibraltar has meant for the Commonwealth and for freedom, and even if some day the vital importance of Gibraltar might diminish if the Canal Zone became the Valley of the Assassins, with no international safeguards to secure the east end of that vital route, that time is not yet, and our Queen will be as anxious and as proud to visit Gibraltar as she has been to visit New Zealand. A political expedient by Franco may well cause him to jump economically out of the frying-pan into the fire. He could certainly prevent the bulk of the labour force which works daily in Gibraltar from crossing the frontier. But he couldn't find work for that labour force in Spain and retribution would certainly follow such a hostile act and Spain would very likely lose her most generous and valuable foreign customer. True, when her American dollars begin to circulate, she may become a more profitable market for our goods, but, if she alienates our goodwill, she will be the first to suffer and the heaviest sufferer. Politics and economics, domestic and foreign affairs, are best kept in separate files. We are not blameless. Our absurd treatment of Franco has helped to revive a hoary old grievance and to acerbate it.

To Retire?—In the lobbies (it seems) during the first days of the session, the talk of members was not about the heavy load of legislation before the House, nor about the prospects of a pay increase for members, but about the date of the Premier's retirement. This surprised me. I thought such speculation had been shelved *sine die*. But, on the contrary, the majority opinion is that Sir Winston will probably retire in May on the Queen's return. It may or may not be so. If he were to consult his own personal advantage alone, retirement at the height of his powers and fame would be an obvious choice, and world-politics would lose what Literature or Art might gain. Wellington and Lloyd-George are more or less parallel cases. Both decided to remain in public life when their fame was at its apex. The former always thought first and last of the country. By entering politics after Waterloo, his glory was dimmed, but it rose again, and when he died in harness at eighty-three, he was once again the first councillor and final arbiter at home and in Europe. It was not so with Lloyd-George. Sir Winston has always said that he would continue in harness as long as he believed his country needed him. He is still three or more years younger than was the Iron Duke when his great life ended. When the sun blazes, the lesser planets are dimmed, and it may well be that the Premier is aware that the Conservative Government has too long seemed like a heavenly system composed of a number of satellites round a star of the first magnitude and brilliance, and he may feel that, since human life is chancy, the time has come to give the satellites a chance to show their light and form. The gossips say that Sir W. Monckton and Lord Woolton would retire with him. That, if true, would eliminate one of the most likely satellites. It is said that these three would need to be replaced by "moderate men" if the Conservatives are to retain the support of the floating (or wobbly) voter. "Moderate," I hope, is used in the sense of political tolerance and broad-mindedness, not of ability.

A Testing Time.—For so much is certain: If the Conservative party is to retain the support of the floating voter just before the next General Election, be that at the end of the full life of this Parliament or earlier, it is essential that the voters should have a chance, for at least a year, to see the colour, light and form of the satellites, for indeed, beyond one or two who have glimmered, despite the blaze of the sun, the floating voter would be hard put to it to pick a dozen key men to fill the chief roles in another Conservative administration. I don't suggest that among the satellites excellent stars do not exist. The difficulty since 1950 has been to pick them out without a telescope. They all need a year at least to exhibit their powers in a less dazzling light. But lobby gossip is not more reliable than village gossip, and there is no certainty that what was good enough for Sir Winston the Duke will not be good enough for Sir Winston. "The Queen's Government must be maintained." If the Shadow Cabinet, the lesser stars suffer no eclipse from their sun's light and did not do so when in office. Mr. Attlee never blazed in brilliance and the satellites always had the chance to show their paces. But if to-day the floating voter substituted for a Conservative holder of a key department of State a candidate from the Shadow Cabinet of Labour, I fancy the guarded flames of the present holders of those offices would shine out the brighter by comparison. So perhaps the Premier will maintain the Queen's Government.

Queen Mary's Effigy.—On the tomb in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, upon which the effigy of King George V has lain alone for fifteen years, that of Queen Mary has now been placed beside his. Both are by Sir W. Reid Dick, and both were executed in 1938. The base was designed by Lutyens of Clipsham stone, and from the first superbly harmonised with the interior setting, which cannot be said of some earlier monuments. Queen Mary sat to the sculptor several sittings in 1938. Both effigies are admirable portraits, reproducing faithfully characteristics of both subjects, such as King George's beautiful hands. The face of Queen Mary is indeed as we last remember her, but as we remember her to have looked fourteen years before her death, years which wearied and aged even her unconquered spirit. And that is as it should be, since in a sense her life ended with his death and they died together and are together again in eternity. I know few modern monuments which satisfy one so much at first impression and appear so soon to have merged into their surroundings and to be already a part, an apt part, of them. Of this personal opinion of its rightness, the public is now able to judge for itself, for the Chapel is once more open to it and many have visited it.

DEATH IN THE AFTERNOON—ALMOST



HEMINGWAY TELLS HIS ESCAPE STORY TO REPORTERS: Flying from Entebbe to Murchison Falls, one of the sights of Uganda, the plane taking author Ernest Hemingway and his wife on a sight-seeing trip flew into a flock of birds and crashed. With them and the pilot alone in the heart of the African [illegible] country, it was a Hemingway situation to the life. After getting back to Butiaba, where another plane was ready to take them to Entebbe, the Hemingways survived an encore. This time their plane crashed on take-off and burst into flames. The best living expositor of the virile man of action then got out of the plane by lowering his head and butting open a steel door with it—which explains the plaster [illegible]

Cricket Ambassadors.—We have lost the first "Test" in Jamaica handsomely, after the characteristic collapses and an abortive and equally characteristic come-back. Nothing out of the way in that. In war and peace we like to lose early battles and win the rubber. Sometimes the Press libels label our Test teams as "our first ambassadors of goodwill, though the label now belongs as of right to the Sovereign. Rightly, because an Ambassador is a man of peace. Peace is his *métier à lui*. But international cricket too often is a *casus belli*, at any rate it evokes evil passions and racial bitterness in many countries, as football does even more so. For modern civilisation is remarkably childish. "Ambassadors," therefore, is not perhaps the most [illegible] for Hutton's men after the first Test of the series, for they seem quite unwittingly to have brought not peace but the sword to Jamaica. A "dangerous enthusiasm," for which our men were in no degree to blame, resulted in the umpires going in fear of [illegible]

es or of reprisals on their families for any decision ven in favour of England, and the West Indies btain was given police protection after his decision t to enforce the follow-on. For my part, I decide at this "isn't cricket," and it would be good for r own stars (who ruin themselves by playing cricket the year round) and for cricket and for the West dies if we now called the Tests off and returned me in the absence of firm guarantees that our ponents will give up behaving like nasty children d yahoos, and will learn the meaning of the me. Cricket played under police protection is a ntradiction in terms and a stupid waste of time.

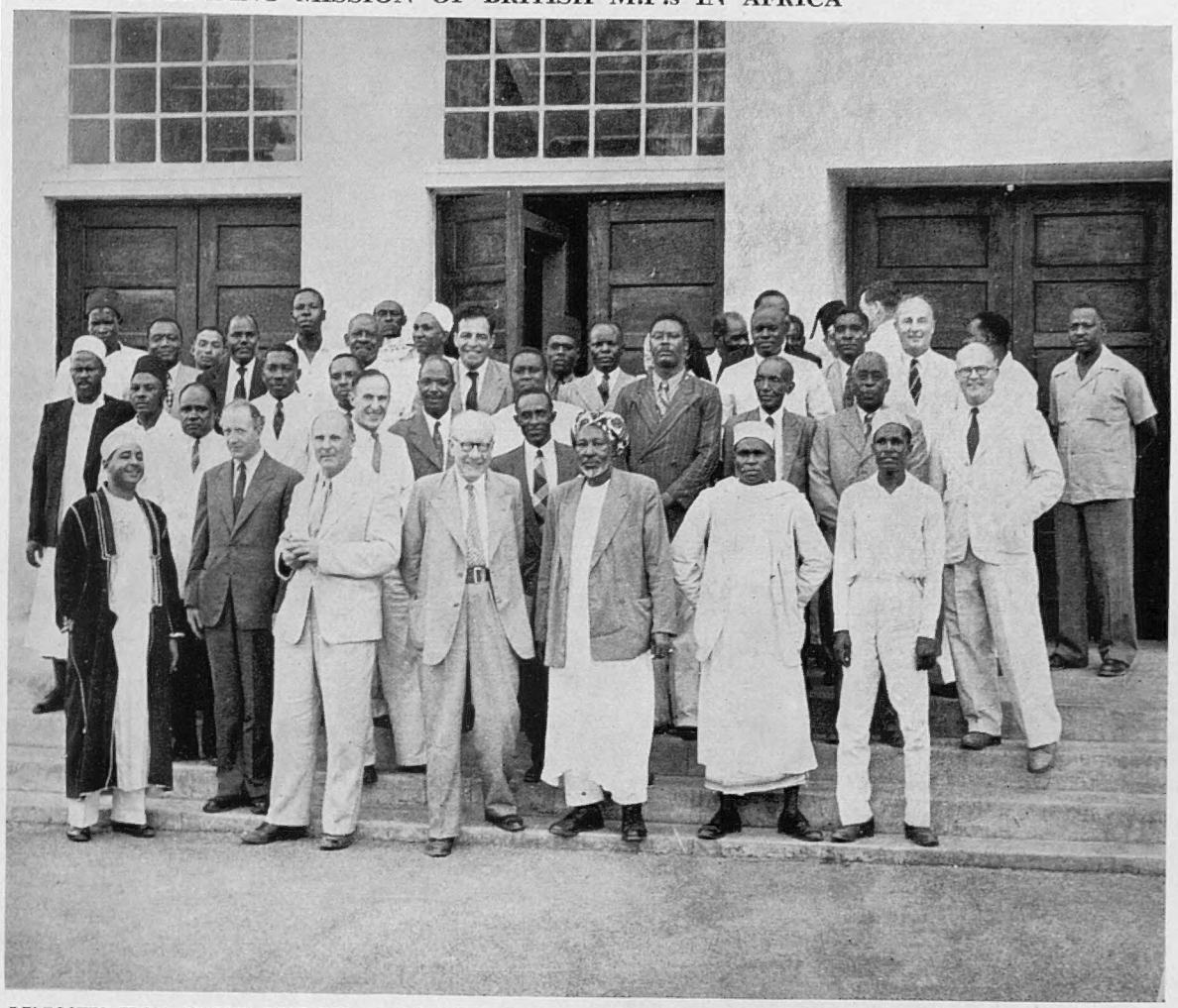
The Ratepayers' Future. — 170,000 officers" of local authorities will receive increases pay dating from All Fools' Day. It will cost al authorities (which is to say, the ratepayers) 500,000 a year. The leading bankers have focussed tention on the unjustifiable splendours of local vernment, a mirror of Whitehall, with their panelled nference rooms, their innumerable and overlapping mmittees, their hordes of high officials driving their e cars, not to speak of their glass and chromium, rquet-floored new Etons and the tons and tons of ped and printed agendas which pour out from their sses and typing-rooms. There is no Minister in hitehall, no human agency anywhere, that seeks, alone dares, to curb these splendours and extravances. The Whitehall standard reaches down toards the parish council. An ecstasy of splendid vernment and planning and organisation grips ery administration and nothing is too good for the thorities or too heavy for those who must pay them. Soon enough now we shall learn the results the new rating inquisition. Few can expect a iting-down of their assessments. We all know rfectly well what to expect. In twenty years my own es have doubled, and during the whole of them ave lived in eighteenth-century conditions, without ter, light or drainage, or even reasonable refuse llection supplied by local authority. Do I expect at what I have paid for the urban dwellers' conniences all these years will be taken into account the new assessments? I do not. I am one of llions of Laocoons held in the toils of a strangling, dra-headed system which swells and tightens its p as it drains the ratepayer's blood. We are not very far from the edge of bankruptcy even now, tionally and individually, and the weight of present xation prevents any real recovery; but there is not y hope whatever of a sharp and bold axe cutting ingle strand.

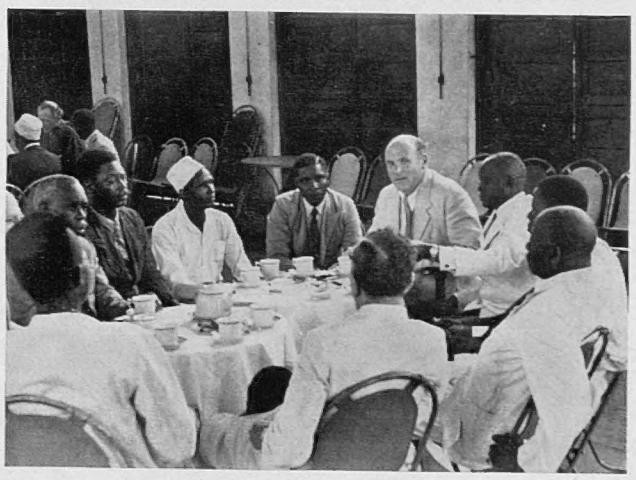
Our Regular Army.—Our Army has a job to do, and our Regular Army to-day is no re than 8 per cent of our Army and that is a small e. The rest of it made up of National Service and ree-year men. Do you realise that? Or realise at that 8 per cent is all which we can employ to ke an Army, the seasoned officers and N.C.O.s o are trained to each and are experts in all the ricate weapons and tactics of modern war. But e Regular Army not popular. Recruitment to it pped last year by nearly 20 per cent. Mr. Shinwell w the danger when the situation was even more ious, and we hear a lot about the "bedside lamps" d new amenities which were to make the Regular my a bed of roses. But the amenities did not do, did not come. The Army is largely employed where rried quarters are not to be found or married life is t possible; and married N.C.O.s are driven out by nily consideration. It certainly seems that the ring of the backbone of this small Army calls for ery big man, and calls for him urgently; a Haldane, Haldanes still exist. That the backbone has been owing weak we have known for years. In the est regiments, National Service men have endured stration and idleness in their training periods from e lack of trained and enthusiastic teachers. To peel tatoes and "buzz off for the rest of the day" rdly justifies pulling boys from their new industrial s even for a fortnight a year.

The Eye of Faith.—The last two weeks ve given this country about the coldest weather we ve experienced in recent years. Yet January is, I ppose, the mid-winter month, even in these days muddled seasons. Looking back over the last seven ars I find from my diaries that the first week of nuary has usually been more remarkable for rkness than for snow and frost. The records of nuary 6 (for example) since 1948 are as follows: 48—Heavy rain, fog, mist. 1949—Very mild, thick st. 1950—Fine after rain, less mild. 1951—Mild and ll raining. 1952—Snow and slush and very dark. 53—Slight frost and sunshine. It shows our inherent th and optimism that in that first dark week of nuary we apply for tickets or "rovers" for the st match at Lord's and the heroic watermen begin ir long practice for the Boat Race. Some of us, any rate, despite the charge of decadence, reveal ne faith and guts. Not that the first two months the year lack their visual aids to faith. By the ddle of January the coveys split up and the rtridges begin pairing, and it is then that I like to my guns up, except for use against grey squirrels. d in little more than a week from now Valentine's y will usher in more general mating and even nestlding, and the crocuses will be out. And soon ugh then the first gardens will be open to the blic in daffodil time. Thus we bolster ourselves up, best we may, when winter bares its keen tooth. It now that I turn to Arctic exploration for my reational reading. It helps me to feel a little cold.

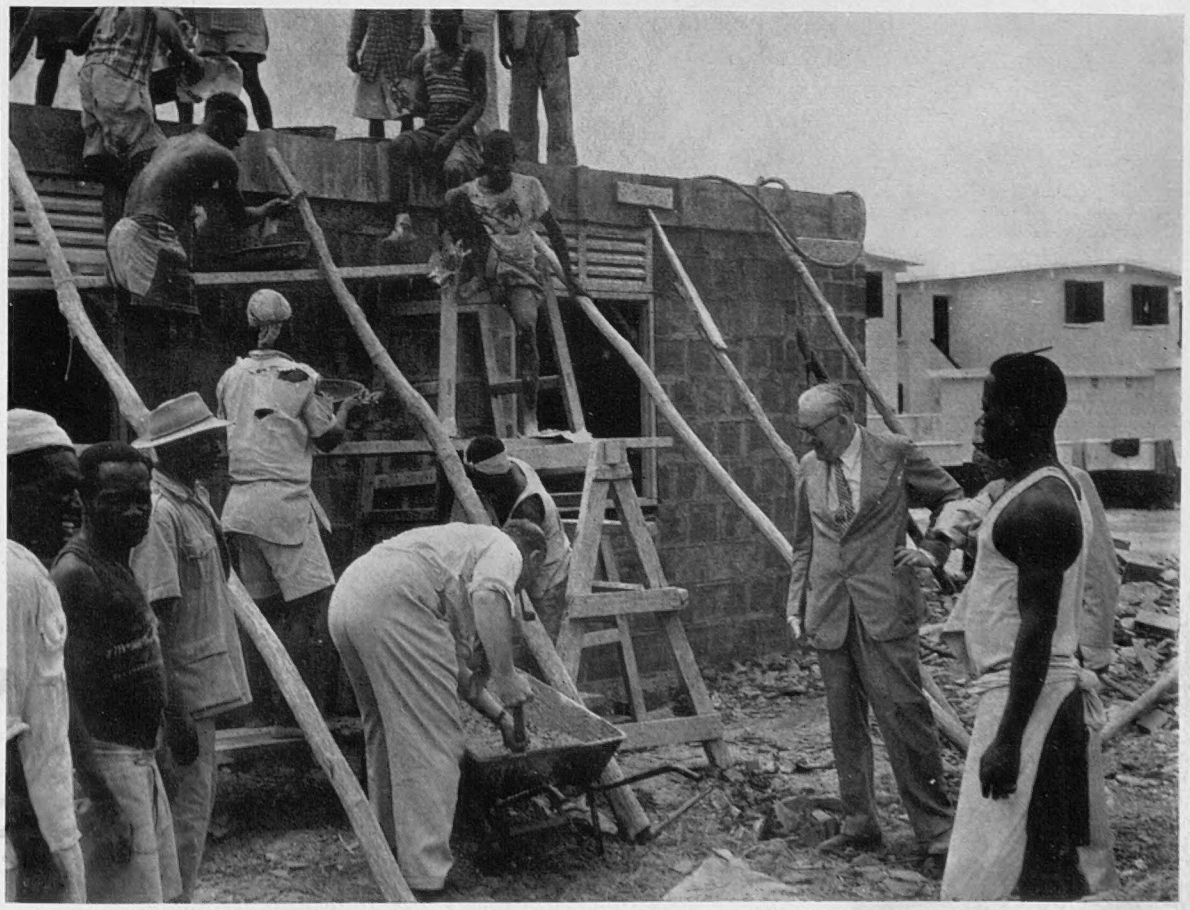
THE OLD STAGER

THE FACT-FINDING MISSION OF BRITISH M.P.s IN AFRICA





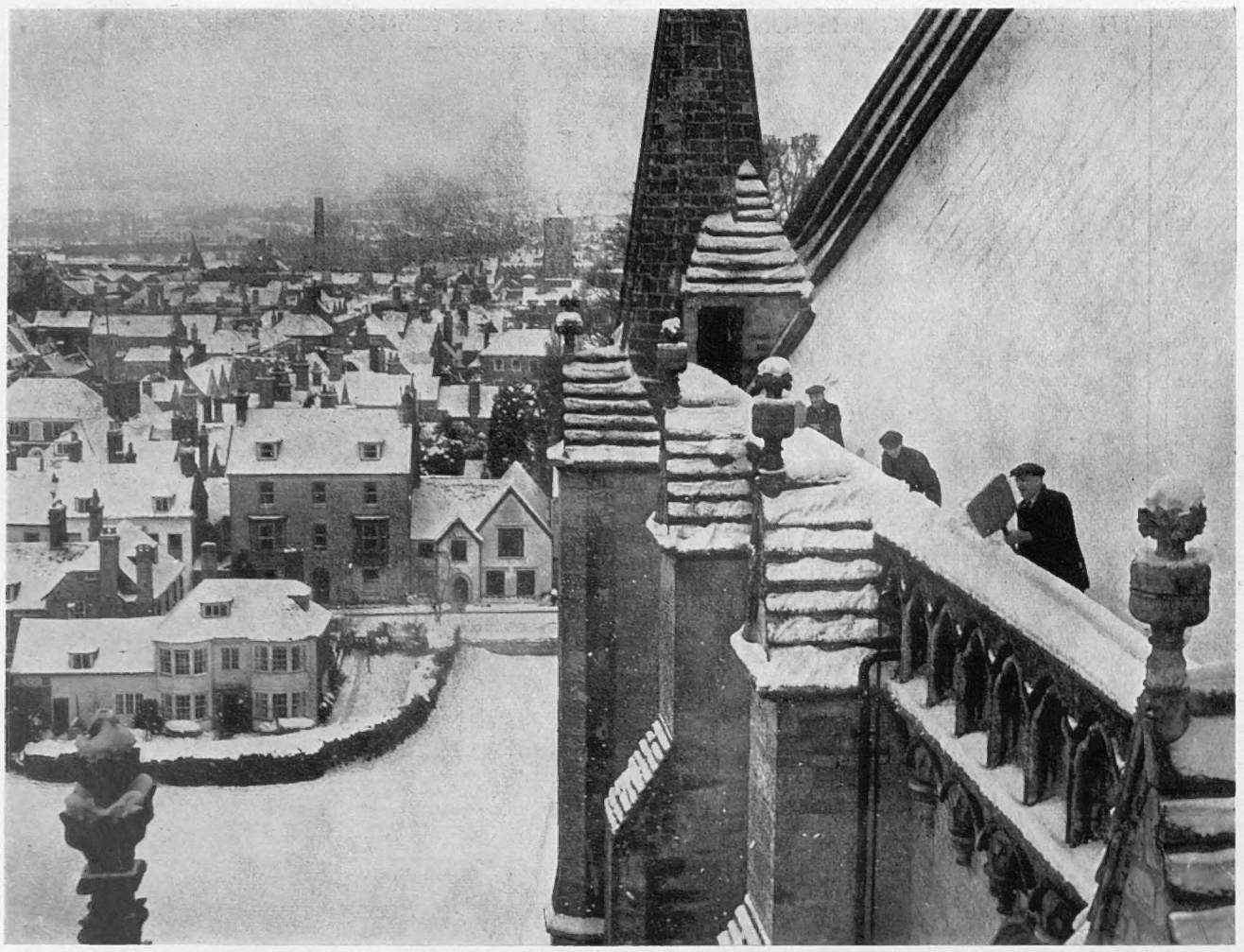
DELEGATES FROM BRITAIN POSE FOR A PICTURE WITH DELEGATES FROM VARIOUS AFRICAN COMMUNITIES AFTER A TEA-PARTY AT THE TONONOKA SOCIAL CENTRE, MOMBASA: Among those in the front two rows are Liwali of Mombasa; Mr. C. J. M. Alport (Conservative M.P. for Colchester); Mr. E. B. Wakefield (Conservative M.P. for West Derbyshire); Mr. O'Hagan (Provincial Commissioner); Mr. J. Johnson (Labour M.P. for Rugby); Mr. W. Elliot (Conservative M.P. for Glasgow, Kelvingrove, and leader of the delegation of six from Britain), and Mr. Goodbody (District Commissioner, Mombasa). The other two Labour M.P.s from England were Mr. A. G. Bottomley (Rochester and Chatham) and Mr. R. W. Williams (Wigan). *On right*—Mr. Wakefield discusses problems with Africans at the party. The object of the Parliamentary delegation was to get first-hand knowledge concerning Kenya. After a week in Nairobi the party visited the Kikuyu country and adjacent areas, then split up in order to make independent visits to other parts of Africa.



THE CONSERVATIVE MEMBER FOR WEST DERBYSHIRE LENDS A HELPING HAND TO AFRICAN LABOURERS: Watched by Mr. Walter Elliot, Mr. E. B. Wakefield shovels cement in a trolley during a visit to a new housing estate at Mwemba, Tanganyika. Mr. Wakefield explained that his object was to get his own impression of the physical demands of a labourer's job so that he could assess the speed of operations of the workers on the site.

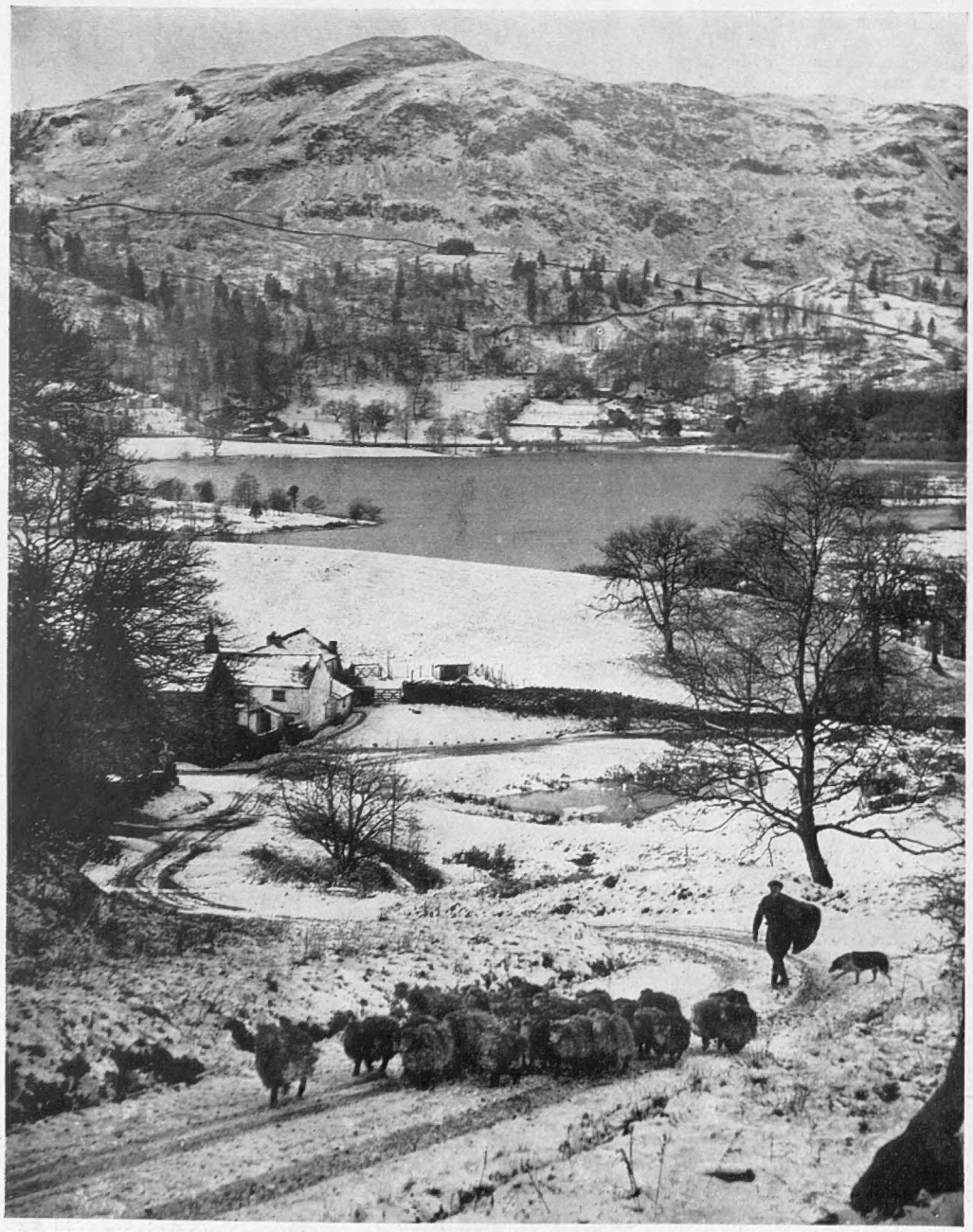
BRITAIN'S ICY WINTER

A PICTORIAL RECORD OF T
EXCEPTIONALLY COLD DA
WHICH HERALDED THE
BEGINNING OF FEBRUARY



WINTER PRECAUTIONS ON THE ROOF OF SALISBURY CATHEDRAL: After the very heavy fall of snow in Wiltshire, the Cathedral authorities decided that the snow which had collected in the roof gutters should be cleared in order to prevent possible damage to the interior. It was feared that, in the event of a sudden thaw, the outlets of the gutters might choke and cause water to seep under the lead and affect the fabric. Snow in the Salisbury area was particularly heavy and several villages in the locality were cut off. Temperatures everywhere in Britain at the end of January were low, and in many places, long before the snow came, the weather was colder than in 1947—the year of the great freeze-up. Last Monday the weather forecast showed no sign of a break—indeed, further snow showers were forecast for the eastern districts.

NO RESPITE FOR THE FARMERS AND SHEPHER IN THE SNOWBOUND COUNTRYSIDE: A shepherd holds twin lambs bo to a Southdown ewe dur ng a sno storm at Merston, Sussex.



LAKELAND UNDER ITS MANTLE OF WINTER SNOW: A picture from Grasmere, showing the scene looking across the lake towards Silver Howe. In the foreground a shepherd is seen returning with his sheep to Howe Top Farm. Close to this spot is Dove Cottage, the home of Wordsworth.

EVEN THE SEA BEGAN TO FREEZE: A view of the coast at Whitstable, Ke showing the frozen surf. In the background of the picture Herne Bay. Many other seaside resorts also reported ice on the beach

A DANGER OF THE GREAT FREEZE—A FROZEN LAKE WITH THIN ICE: Hollingworth Lake, Smithy Bridge, near Rochdale, seen from th gangway where frozen spray from the lake produced a typical winter scene. The ice on the lake, however, was unsafe for skating

OS ON THE ROADS: *Left*—A line of traffic held up on the Lochearnhead-Crianlarich road after the winter's heaviest fall of snow at Glen Ogle, West Perthshire. The road was blocked twice, first by the snow and then by lorries which skidded on the icy surface. *Right*—An A.A. patrolman assists a stranded motorist on the Hog's Back, near Guildford, Surrey. At one town in Montgomeryshire a bulldozer was used to smash a crust of ice in the main street.

'PICAL SCENE IN THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE AT THE HEIGHT OF THE WIDESPREAD SNOWSTORMS: A view of a farmyard lying under a thick blanket of snow near Painswick, Gloucestershire. Farmers on uplands throughout the country strove to provide protection for their animals, but in some cases the help did not arrive in time. The distribution of milk from farms was a particular problem. In Pembrokeshire wild ponies were found frozen to death in the mountains.

DEMONSTRATIONS IN SPANISH MOROCCO AND EGY

And a Pictorial Survey of Other Events Throughout the World

THE SULTAN REPUDIATED IN SPANISH MOROCCO : The Spanish High Commissioner in Morocco, Lieut.-General Garcia Valiño, seen at the microphone reading his speech at a gathering in Tetuan at which the authority of the present Sultan was repudiated. A petition, signed by 430 Moroccan notables, asked that the Khalifah, the Sultan's representative in Spanish Morocco, be given full sovereignty there until a new Sultan is installed.

PARADING BEFORE THE HIGH COMMISSIONER IN TETUAN : Some of the 30,000, who ga to hear the repudiation of the Sultan, going past the dais, on which Lieut.-G Valiño and some of the Moroccan notables can be seen. Among these were the son and brothers of the Sultan's representative in Sp Morocco. The petition, drawn up and signed by the chiefs in S Morocco, was directed against the present Sultan, Sidi Mohame Moulay Arafa, who was installed in office last August. Then Sidi Mohammed Ben Yussef was dismissed by the French Re General, General Guillaume, after an ultimatum from the tribal ch El Glauoi, and his followers. The Sultan was sent into exile in C and El Glauoi's nominee took his place. All this was done by the F Government without consulting Spain, with whom they are respo for the administration of Morocco. The Spanish High Commis protested at the time, but not until the petition of the notable any definite action been taken, though it was known that the old was still being recognised by chiefs in Spanish Morocco. The T petition declared that the chiefs of Spanish Morocco would only rec Ben Yussef, and that in the meanwhile they wished for a separati Spanish and French Morocco while Moulay Arafa remained Sultan. French Government replied to this by assuring the present Sul their support for him. Ben Yussef was quickly removed from C and, together with his wife and concubines, left for an unk destination. Eventually, however, much depends on the attitude o French and Spanish Governments towards this Arab political mas

THE NEW RÉGIME CELEBRATES WITH A MAMMOTH PARADE IN CAIRO : A general view of the parade in the Republican Square in Cairo which was held to celebrate the first anniversary of the Liberation Rally. More than 25,000 men, youths and girls paraded before General Neguib, who, at the conclusion of the festivities, brandished a naked sword in the air while thousands shouted "Long live Egypt!"

GIRL STUDENTS ON PARADE : Wearing the uniform of the Natio Guard, these students from an Egyptian University took p in the great parade before General Neguib in Cairo. T impressed spectators with their fine bearing and s marching. The march past General Neguib took four ho In the parade were detachments of the National Guard, carry tommy-guns and rifles. There were also youths and boys o Liberation Rally and Boy Scouts and Girl Guides. In his addr to the parade, the Egyptian President declared that the ignoran disease and poverty of Egypt were the new régime's first, enem

On right—

PAKISTAN. TRAIN DISASTER : The Pakistan mail express from Lahore to Karachi crashed into a derailed train carrying Diesel oil, paraffin and petrol about 70 miles outside Karachi. Petrol from the fuel train caught alight and fire spread along the first four coaches of the mail train. About sixty people were killed and another forty-nine injured, eleven of them seriously. Among the passengers was Sir Zafrullah Khan, Pakistan's Foreign Minister.

THE GREEK PREMIER HONOURED IN PARIS : Marshal Papagos saluting after receiving the French Medaille Militaire, the left-hand medal of the two which he is seen wearing. The Greek Prime Minister was decorated at a ceremony at the Hôtel des Invalides by the Minister of Defence, M. René Pleven. Marshal Papagos was also the guest of the French President, M. Coty, at the Palais d'Elysée, where he was entertained to luncheon. This was the first official function of its kind since M. Coty assumed office last month.

ARAB REFUGEES FROM ISRAEL CAMPED NEAR AMMAN : About 8,000 displaced Palestine Arabs still live in this tented camp more than five years after they were forced to leave their homes. An estimated 868,350 are now scattered in the Arab countries adjoining Palestine. In Amman alone there are 80,000 refugees; the majority live in caves or in one-room huts of stone or mud which they have built themselves.

On right—

ISRAEL'S NEW GOVERNMENT TAKES OVER : Israel's Parliament, the Knesset, listen attentively as David Ben-Gurion, the retiring Prime Minister, addresses the Chamber as an ordinary member. Sitting behind Mr. Ben-Gurion, beneath the large portrait, is the new Prime Minister, Mr. Moshe Sharett. Later, Mr. Sharett's new coalition Government got its vote of confidence. Its main problems are to relieve unemployment and to bring about economic stability.

VENEZUELAN ORE FOR AMERICAN STEEL PLANTS : Cerro Bolivar, Bolivar's Hill, in the Orinoco jungle area of Venezuela, which is claimed to possess the world's largest deposits of iron ore, most of which is destined for the United States. It is brought down the winding roads from the mine to the loading platform 1,800 ft. below. It is then shipped from Puerto Ordaz, on the Orinoco River. The river has been deepened along its 154 miles to the Atlantic so that it can be navigated by ocean-going cargo ships. *On left*—The train carrying the ore ready to leave on the 90-mile journey to the port.

On right—

AN AMERICAN "STREAMLINER" : One of the Union Pacific Railway's new "Challenger Streamliner" trains which have gone into service between Chicago and Los Angeles. These sleek, Diesel-powered trains cover the journey between Illinois and California in about 39 hours 30 mins.

HUNTING THE HARE

The Ancient Sport of Beagling, which has Lost None of its Great Popularity

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

A SPORT which receives remarkably little publicity in this country is beagling. Yet the hare was hunted long before the fox, and beagling (and I include hunting with basset-hounds in this) is by far the most genuine of all the forms of hunting practised to-day.

Hunting the hare is so old that nobody can put a date to it. Xenophon, who lived from 435 to 354 B.C., cheered on his hounds on the slopes of Mount Pholoe, and he is the first "Master" of whom we have historical record. But the sport is very much older than Xenophon, and we know that from his own writings; for he describes in detail in his *Cyneticus* the methods then in vogue for hunting the hare—and it takes time to establish methods of hunting. There is a long period of trial and error before any method is sufficiently firmly established for such an expert as was Xenophon to accept it and write about it.

Nor can anyone put a date to the first hunting of the hare with hounds in England. One might think that the oldest form of hunting in England is stag-hunting. But stag-hunting, as such, came to England with the Normans and, though the Norman nobility were very fond of it, it cannot be said to have caught on with any other class. Stag-hunting, now practised by but a few and only in one or two places in England, was even at its greatest popularity considered an inferior sport to hare-hunting. Edward, Duke of York, one of the greatest of all writers on sport, and a man with every opportunity in the world of sport, gives the hare precedence over the stag in his book *The Master of Game*. "It is to be known," he says, "that the hare is the king of all venery, for all blowing and the fair terms of hunting cometh of the seeking and the find of the hare. For certain it is the most marvellous beast that is." That was written in the fourteenth century. It is just as true to-day. The hare is the most marvellous beast that is.

The hounds of Xenophon's day were slow. They were scenting hounds—not greyhounds, as is sometimes stated—but they were heavy and cumbersome dogs, probably built more on the lines of bloodhounds than beagles, and it must have been a very rare occurrence for them to catch a hare themselves. In Xenophon's day the hare was caught in nets into which it was driven by the hounds. All that the hounds were required to do was to keep the hare on the move. The huntsman placed his nets across the paths he thought the hare most likely to use. The hunt was, in fact, no test of the hounds' ability, only of their stamina. But the hunt did provide a very severe test of the fieldcraft of the huntsman. He had to know a great deal about hares and their ways under pressure if he wanted to keep his job—and, quite likely, his head.

The nets had long since disappeared by the time that Edward, Duke of York, wrote his book. (It is, by the way, largely a transcription of an earlier work by Count Gaston de Foix entitled *La Chasse*.) Indeed, there is no record that nets were ever used in the way that they were used by the hunting folk of Xenophon's time in England. They were, of course, used from very early times in conjunction with dogs, and are used to this day by country folk in England, but this form of hunting (for hunting it is) is called poaching. For all that, it is every whit as skilful—even more skilful, I think—as legitimate hunting.

However, to return to the nets: their disappearance meant a very considerable increase in the speed of the hounds. They were still slow compared to the hounds of to-day, but they were positively jet-propelled compared to the hounds of Xenophon's day. And with the disappearance of the nets came a great falling-off in the fieldcraft of the huntsman. The hounds now had to catch the hare, and that meant that the huntsman had to know more about his hounds than about the hare. But he had not got to worry about time. If the hounds now had to catch their hare, they had all day in which to do it, and there are, in fact, several records of hunts of a single hare lasting for almost eight hours. Houndwork, pure and simple, became all important, for in those days they started very early in the morning and they started by hunting the trace left by the hare from her feeding the previous night. The trace was followed up until the hare was disturbed in her form, and then the hunt proper commenced. And this hunt might well last until late in the evening. Indeed, it seems from a remark in *Of the Hunting of the Hare* that this was usual rather than not, for the author of that classic work was at pains to impress upon the would-be huntsman that he should mark very carefully the first runs and circles of the hare, for "she will all day long hold the same wayes." One hare and all day long is very leisurely hunting by modern standards, but it would be a mistake to imagine that it was either inefficient or lacking in skill. The hounds, at least, were neither. The trace that a hare leaves from her overnight feeding is faint enough, and they must have been very good scenting-hounds indeed to follow it.

This sort of hunting began to become popular towards the end of the fifteenth century. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it was the principal sport of country squires and farmers and of countrymen generally, and it retained its popularity with all, except perhaps the nobility and the moneyed classes, for at least the first half of the eighteenth century. At its height it is probable that there was scarcely a village in England and Wales without its pack of hare-hounds, for the majority of farmers seem to have kept two or three couple of hounds with which they hunted whenever they felt like it.

But about the middle of the eighteenth century it began to be fashionable to hunt the hare on horseback. Beagling—that is, hunting the hare on foot, but not necessarily actually with beagles—declined. At the beginning of the nineteenth century there was a real slump in hare-hunting on foot, and this slump lasted until the 'fifties.

It was not so much a slump in the sport as a change in a way of life. The old leisured life of the countryside was going. Fashions were changing. Life was speeding up. No longer did men want to, no longer did men have the time to, plod after a slow-moving pack throughout a whole day. They hunted on horseback and much more quickly, and, moreover, a new quarry was becoming fashionable, albeit slowly. Hitherto the fox had been regarded (and rightly from the point of view of the countryman at the time) as vermin. Now he became an object of affection—at least for the well-to-do—and men left the hare for the fox.

But hunting has never been a cheap form of amusement, and in due course foxhunting brought beagling back into favour. By the '60's of the last century there was a miniature boom in beagling, and from then onwards the sport has increased steadily in popularity—though you would never think so to read the sporting and social-gossip Press. There is, of course, a difference between popularity and fashion.

To-day there are a number of harrier packs in existence, but hunting the hare on horseback has not the popularity of beagling, and nothing like the popularity of foxhunting. The reason for its lack of popularity as compared with foxhunting is easy enough to see. Hunting with harriers is really fox-hunting in miniature. Now, the vast majority of those who go foxhunting do so for the ride, for a good gallop across country, with good fences to be taken at speed: they know very little about houndwork and they care less. It is the gallop and the jumps that are the attraction. You do not get much good, fast galloping with harriers; you do not get many good jumps at speed over good country. The opportunities for watching good houndwork are many—and you will see as good (or better) houndwork with a pack of harriers as with any of the many foxhound packs, for the harrier is often left to work on his own, with little or no help from the huntsman—but if you are not interested in houndwork that is no attraction.

Here again, economic conditions are playing their part. It is cheaper to hunt with a harrier pack than with a foxhound pack. There is this year one more harrier pack than there was last. It may well be that the expense of foxhunting, and it is unlikely to become less expensive in the lifetime of anybody now living, will lead to an increase in the number of harrier packs. That would not be a bad thing at all. A pack of harriers, properly managed, can be a great asset to a foxhunting country.

The hare is now hunted in England by basset-hounds as well as by harriers and beagles. Basset packs are few and far between—the breed is, in any case, less than a century old in England—and it always astonishes me that there are not more. For I believe that the basset is really the ideal hound for hare-hunting on foot. Harriers will sometimes race down a hare without giving it a chance: beagles are sometimes not too sure on a light scent. But the basset has a wonderful nose and is not fast. No basset is fast enough to run down a fresh hare, and this means that they must hunt. They are, moreover, not too fast for their field. And they have—there can be no doubt about this—the most beautiful music of any hound. However, they just have not, for some reason, become popular.

Beagling, on the other hand, is, I think, more popular to-day than at any time within my memory. Certainly the fields, at those meets that I have attended in recent years, have been larger than I should have thought possible in a mechanised age and an age when, increasingly, so we are told, the English people like either to watch sport rather than take part in it or like their sport comfortable. And I find this very encouraging.

Beagling is a very great sport, and the most genuine of all field sports with hounds. It has never become fashionable. You can sit on a horse and look pretty or decorative, and photogenic: you cannot look decorative running across a ploughed field. It has never become expensive for precisely that reason—and because it has remained free from the horse. It has never become snobbish for precisely those reasons too. No man or woman has ever, I am quite sure, used beagling as a rung by which to climb the social ladder. There are easier ways of climbing the social ladder than running across wet fields.

You can be sure that everybody at a meet of beagles is interested in beagling as a sport, and only as a sport. The beagler must be a hound-lover above all else. There is no point in following beagles otherwise. Men and women beagle—and a surprising number of women beagle (counting the field at one south country meet recently, I found to my astonishment that there were more women than men), because it provides really hard exercise in a form that cannot be equalled anywhere else, and because they like watching hounds at work. The kill is a quite secondary matter. Indeed, I am sure that the vast majority of beaglers do not regard their sport as a blood-sport at all. It is an equally good day if there is no kill. It may seem foolish to speak of our oldest hound-sport, the oldest hound-sport in the world, for that matter, as a "coming" sport. But, in an age of steadily rising costs I believe that may well prove to be the truth. Especially if it can be slowed down a little. Not everyone who beagles is young.

HOUNDS WORKING A PLOUGHED FIELD IN SURREY: Led by the Joint-Master and Huntsman of the West Surrey and Horsell Beagles, Mr. A. G. Acton Pierce, the pack is seen during a meet at Pyrford Stone, near Guildford.

THE HUNTSMAN PUTTING A PACK TO WORK: Mr. Jack Fox with the hounds at an opening meet of the Worcester Park and Buckland Beagles at Godstone in Surrey.

MADRID STUDENTS MARCH ON THE BRITISH EMBASSY: Madrid recently has been the scene of several student demonstrations against the Queen's coming visit to Gibraltar. The Spanish Ambassador in London last month delivered "a friendly warning" that the Royal visit would cause resentment in Spain. Since then the resentment has confined itself mainly to young men throwing stones, lumps of coal, and oranges through the windows of British official buildings.

"GIBRALTAR FOR THE SPANISH!"

Madrid Students Demonstrate Against the Coming Royal Visit to the Rock

Spanish Nationalism took an odd turn recently; coincident with the Americans completing arrangements to take over several bases in their country, certain Spaniards suddenly saw the 250-year-old British occupation of Gibraltar as an affront to their national dignity. The thought of a British Queen visiting her fortress adjunct of Spain provoked demonstrations, mainly by students, in Madrid, Barcelona and Seville. The demonstrations, which were, in effect, conducted against the windows of British buildings, were marked by the singing of the Falange anthem, much Fascist saluting, and cries of "Gibraltar for the Spanish!"

After the Spanish police had put down—and put down pretty forcibly—what looked like a serious attack on the British Embassy in Madrid, the students next day demonstrated with an equal bitterness against the police. The outbursts and resulting damage brought official protests from the British Ambassador, Sir John Balfour.

It would seem that General Franco, with his new approaches to the Arab countries and agitation against Gibraltar, is reviving his old dream of pan-Iberia and expansion in Morocco which, on the defeat of the Axis Powers, he must have only temporarily put aside.

A FASCIST SALUTE FOR THE AMBASSADOR: Outside the Madrid Embassy a group of young Spaniards sing the Falange anthem. The Ambassador, Sir John Balfour, has made official protests about attacks on British buildings.

MADRID POLICE BATTLE WITH STUDENTS: During the biggest anti-British demonstration police held back some 30,000 students who marched on the Embassy. About twenty charges were made against the police and many were hurt.

THE POLICE STAND FIRM: The firm handling of the demonstrators by the police aroused much bitterness among the students. The Spanish police are not famous for their gentle methods.

A VIEW OF THE PROCESSION: The day after this procession, students seized the Radio Madrid building and held up broadcasting for twenty minutes. Their aim was to broadcast their version of the clashes with the police, who had roused great hostility among the students.

b

The Royal Tour in New Zealand

CHRISTCHURCH GREETS THE QUEE

The Progress Through South Island, and the Visit to the Province of Canterbury

REPUTED TO BE THE LARGEST CROWD EVER TO CONGREGATE IN ONE PLACE FOR ANY OF THE RECEPTIONS TO THE QUEEN IN NEW ZEALAND : The scene in Cathedral Square, Christchurch, capital of the province of Canterbury, on the eastern side of South Island, during the civic reception on the morning after the Queen's arrival. The occasion was a public holiday, and wherever the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh went they were greeted by huge crowds. The Royal visitors were in Christchurch in mid-January.

THE ROYAL ARRIVAL IN THE "MOST ENGLISH CITY OU ENGLAND" : The Queen leaving the station at Christch where she had been met by the Prime Minister, Mr. Ho and by civic authorities. The journey from Greym on the west coast, had been made by train, wit route lying across the Southern Alps. Throughout the jo crowds gathered at vantage-points to cheer the Q

FLASHBACK TO AN EARLIER OCCASION IN SOUTH ISLAND : The procession of cars seen passing along the decorated Trafalgar Street, Nelson, en route to the steps of the Cathedral for the civic reception. As the last of the cars drove by, the crowd joined in the procession and followed the Queen through the town. The Royal tourists stayed overnight at the Nelson Hotel before going on to Greymouth.

ACCOMPANIED BY THE BISHOP OF CHRISTCHURCH, THE RIGHT R A. K. WARREN, THE QUEEN LEAVES THE CATHEDRAL AF ATTENDING EVENSONG : Earlier the Royal arrival had be greeted by a peal of bells and a fanfare of trumpets. T Duke read the second Lesson and the address was given the Bishop, who referred to the Canterbury Pilgrims 100 years ago who founded the city. *On left*—The Qu stops for a talk with a cabinet-maker during h visit to the Disabled Servicemen's Vocational Traini Centre at Riccarton. Over an hour was spent at t Centre and the Queen and Duke spoke to many of the me

On left—
THE LAST PUBLIC ENGAGEMENT OF A BUSY DAY: The Queen, a radiant figure in evening dress, and the Duke of Edinburgh, wearing the sash of the Order of the Garter, seen leaving their car to attend a civic dinner in Christchurch. On the next day the Royal visitors had a full round of engagements, beginning in the morning with a visit to the factory of Messrs. Lane, Walker, Rudkin, Ltd. Later the Duke spoke at a luncheon given in his honour by the Canterbury Chamber of Commerce, and then rejoined the Queen for the Investiture at the Civic Theatre.

On right—
THE CHRISTCHURCH CIVIC GARDEN-PARTY AT THE BOTANIC GARDENS: Escorting the Queen is the Lord Mayor of Christchurch, Mr. R. M. Macfarlane. Some 4,000 people attended the party. For this occasion the Queen chose a fawn lace dress with matching hat. The day closed with a private visit to the house of Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Hall, parents of the Queen's New Zealand Equerry, Lieutenant Jeremy Hall, R.N.Z.N.

A ROYAL STARTER AT THE METROPOLITAN TROTTING CLUB'S MEETING AT ADDINGTON RACECOURSE: His Royal Highness, assisted by the official starter, about to start the race for the Duke of Edinburgh Stakes. *On left*—The trotters in the Royal Metropolitan Cup race seen passing the Royal stand for the first time round. The winning owner later received the cup from the hands of the Queen.

E ONLY PURELY MILITARY OCCASION IN THE TOUR OF NEW ZEALAND: The Queen and the Duke seen during their visit to the Burnham Military Camp. Later came the drive to Ashburton, centre of the grain-growing district of Mid-Canterbury.

THE LAST QUIET WEEK-END IN NEW ZEALAND: The car carrying the Queen and her husband arrives at "Longbeach," the farm of Mr. J. H. Grigg, at the start of a two-day rest period. The house is set amid a broad expanse of pasture-lands.

THE COD-FISHING FLEET IN HARBOUR AT SVOLVAER, LOFOTEN ISLANDS: About this time of year Svolvaer is a scene of great activity. The harbour becomes a forest masts as between 4,000 and 5,000 boats congregate there for the cod-fishing season, from mid-January until April, when the codfish come from the depths of t Atlantic to spawn on the coast between Aalesund and Tromso. Outside the cod-fishing season, the Lofoten fishermen depend for a living mainly on herring-fishi

THE FISHING FLEET PUTS TO SEA: The fishermen usually rise at five in the morning to get their tackle ready and then put to sea at daybreak. Most of the boats are equipped with echo-sounding gear to locate the fish, which are then caught in seine nets. Trawler fishing is not allowed in these grounds.

OFF-LOADING FISH IN A SNOWSTORM: The man who takes off the fish to be cleared on shore waits for neither the snow nor the boat to stop; it is a matter of holding fast to the boat's rail while someone else loads the tuns into his dinghy. The fishermen reckon to take up two seines in a day's fishing.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST CODFISHING HARBOUR —IN THE LOFOTENS

Between Aalesund and Tromso the Codfish's Spawning-Grounds Yield Some of the World's Richest Fishing

From mid-January until April the harbour of Svolvaer, o Ostvaagö, the largest of the Lofoten Islands, hums wit activity as the cod-fishing season gets under way. At th time of year the codfish come from the depths of the Atla to spawn on the Norwegian coast between Aalesund a Tromso. In these waters is a rich harvest which t Norwegian fishermen jealously keep to themselves.

Svolvaer is a little town of old-fashioned houses a winding streets situated on a narrow neck of land. It fac onto the stormy Western Fjord and behind it rises a sh cliff, the Lofoten Wall. In the season, its fine harbour shelt 4,000 to 5,000 fishing-boats and the town's popula temporarily rises by 16,000.

The Lofoten grounds are the richest cod-fishing gro in the world and were first mentioned in history as early the year 1000. Their great days were at the end of the la century; in 1895, over 40,000 fishermen in 9,300 boats w to work there for the season.

Now the boats, the biggest of which carry a crew of ab ten men, leave for sea at daybreak, followed, of course, by flock of screaming gulls. They chug quietly out until they re the cliffs, which then throw back the throb of their engi to the harbour as a staccato rattle.

The boats are nearly all seine-net fishing-boats— trawlers. Trawler-fishing is a sore point with Norwegian they have been arguing about whether or not to adopt for over twenty years. The seine-boats are equipped wi echo-sounding gear and, once the fish are located, the seine set out and pulled in. This job, which takes about an hour-and-a-half on a calm day but half the day in rough weather involves laying the net in a circle round the shoal and th drawing it up from the bottom.

Many of the codfish shoals lie as deep as 300 ft. or more and some of the fish, when drawn up from that depth, ar killed by the sudden change in pressure. A good haul in a seine net is 40 tons; in that case the seine has to be emptied by a scoop made of net which dumps the fish piecemeal int the boat's hold. A haul of over 40 tons (sometimes as much as 60 tons can be scooped into a net) usually results in the net sinking under the weight and being damaged or destroyed on the sea-bed rocks. The catch is off-loaded later into smaller boats which take the fish ashore to be cleaned.

It was thirteen years ago, at the height of the season, that British commandos and Norwegian marines made their attack on the Lofoten Islands. Svolvaer was one of the objectives and the town's fish-oil plants and power stati were destroyed.

TYING THE SEINE : As the seine is pulled in, perhaps with 40 tons of fish in it, a net bag is used to transfer the fish to the hold.

SVOLVAER HARBOUR FILLS UP : As the season reaches its peak in March, so the fishing boats come crowding in.

On left—

FIXING A BOOM : If the weather is not good enough to put to sea, there are always plenty of jobs to do on board—and these get done in the most inclement of weather.

BOATS GO OUT TO FETCH IN THE FISH : The fish is transferred to small boats for landing on shore. The Lofoten fisheries were mentioned in history as early as the year 1000, and, at the end of the last century, there were about 40,000 men engaged there. Now there are about 16,000.

NG UP THE SEINE : Sometimes the nets go as deep as 300 ft.; when they are hauled up, the sudden change in pressure kills some of the fish and they float belly-upwards to the surface.

THE FLEET COMES HOME : A good haul for a seine net is 40 tons and, in good weather, a boat can lay two seines in a day. Sometimes as much as 60 tons of fish can get into one net; then the seines are dragged down and are badly damaged or destroyed by being caught on the rocks.

FREEDOM

The Chinese Prisoners who Refused to Return to Communism, Leave for Nationalist Formosa

IT WAS A LOUSY WAR : A coloured U.S. corporal gives one of the freed Chinese prisoners a routine delousing, which he accepts quite happily. All the prisoners were "processed" at Ascom City on their way to Inchon.

FREED CHINESE PRISONERS PARADE THROUGH SEOUL : The 13,000 Chinese prisoners who chose not to return to Communist China are given a rapturous welcome as they are driven through the streets of Seoul on their way to Inchon, where they were later embarked for Formosa. There are 104 anti-Communists, however, who wish to be settled in a neutral country; their destination has not yet been decided on. The pro-Communist United Nations prisoners were at first not received by the Communists, in conformance with their policy that the fate of all the prisoners should have been settled at the peace conference. Later, however, the 325 South Koreans, twenty-one Americans and one Briton were accepted "out of humanitarian reasons." Meanwhile, the U.N. Armistice Commission has asked the Neutral Repatriation Commission to investigate charges that the Communists have forcibly detained several thousand U.N. prisoners and illegally pressed some of them into service with the Communist armies.

On left—
EMBARKING AT INCHON : Chinese prisoners leave a landing-craft for a larger transport which later took them to Formosa.

On right—
WATCHING THE EMBARKATION : From left to right are General Maxwell D. Taylor, Commander of the U.S. Eighth Army; General John E. Hall, the United Nations Commander, and General Li Ming Tong, of the Chinese Nationalist Army.

LETTING OFF STEAM : Some of the prisoners vent their feelings on effigies of Mao Tse Tung and Georgi Malenkov. The pro-Communist American prisoners were reported to be playing similar games with effigies of Mr. Dulles and others.

ON THE WAY TO FREEDOM : The anti-Communists are packed into a tank landing-craft. The Neutral Repatriation Commission, which has handled all the prisoners unwilling to go home, reports this month to the U.N. General Assembly.

A DAY OUT FOR A YOUNG ANGLER ALONG THE RIVER LEE—London's anglers fan out from the city every week-end, using every known technique to catch almost every kind of fresh-water fish in the many waters that are accessible to the Metropolis. But still the so-called "coarse" fisherman outnumbers all others, finding his peace and pleasure in a form of fishing that has not greatly changed since Izaak Walton's day. Here a young angler fishes for roach much as Walton would have fished in his own river, the Lee, near Ware.

WEEK-END FISHING FOR THE LONDONER

Although the Thames Remains the Backbone of the London Angler's Sport, Many Find their Pleasure in the Compass of a Day's Journey to Quiet Waters where Pollution is Unknown

By MAURICE WIGGIN

POLLUTION IS THE ENEMY: Many once-famous trout streams have been ruined by a century of industrialisation. Others have been reduced to the status of modest coarse-fish waters—as illustrated by the Darent Valley, in Kent. Though trout-fishers may mourn, the younger generation finds its satisfaction in luring little roach from waters which once held a noble head of harder-fighting fish.

Persons of every class seem to participate in the amusement of Thames angling, from the Duke of Sussex to the fat little cobbler of Hampton.

MUCH polluted water has flowed under London Bridge since Edward Jesse wrote those words, which seem almost poignant now, in *An Angler's Rambles* (1836). The last salmon was taken from the Thames in the early 1830's; for much more than a hundred years the filth of the Pool of London has proved an impassable barrier to the game migratory fish which used to run up from the estuary in their thousands to spawn in the higher reaches of a pure and perfect river. It is a far cry to those merry days when the Londoner turned naturally to "Sweet Temmes" for his fishing, whether his quarry was trout, salmon, or the humbler, less edible, but still fascinating "coarse fish."

Still the great river remains the backbone of the London angler's sport, giving generously of tranquil joy to countless thousands who find their satisfaction in fishing for the roach, the pike, the chub, the dace, the perch, the bream, the mighty barbel, and a few other and lesser fish. But even the coarse fisherman nowadays goes farther afield than his ancestor needed to go. A "day's fishing" may well mean half-a-day's travelling. And for the London angler who seeks trout and salmon a day's fishing involves not only travel but careful organisation and some expense. Let us consider his case first.

Few indeed are those lucky mortals who can leave London in the morning, catch a salmon and be back in the capital by nightfall. It *can* be done, it is done; but he who would do it must possess a fine, fleet car, good friends and an enviable income. There are salmon to be had in the Avon around Christchurch and in the Test around Romsey—where the former American Ambassador, Mr. Lewis Douglas, met with his accident when a vagrant wind curled his gut so that the barb of the big hook pierced his eye. But it would be a desperately busy man who, with such fishing available, would confine himself to the two or three hours of unpredictable sport which would be left to him in the middle of a day mainly occupied in motoring. For our purpose—which is to consider what "a day's fishing" means to the London angler in all his infinite variety—we may ignore the salmon fisher without doing an unforgivable violence to the truth. London anglers by and large accept the fact that salmon fishing in the main involves long journeys to the magical west and the magnetic North. It is "holiday fishing" for most of us.

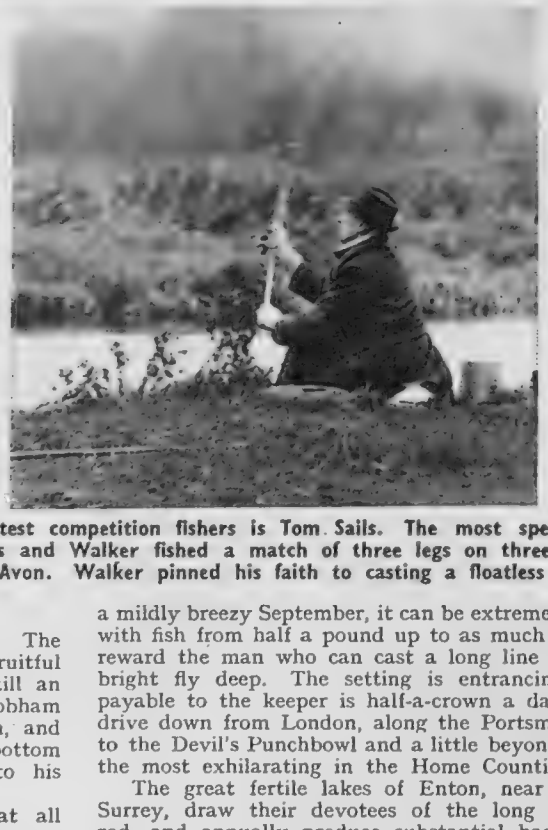
The trout fisher has a much wider choice of accessible water, though still sadly restricted compared with the spacious days of the horse age. The tributaries of the Thames which used to abound in trout have suffered so severely from pollution, as factories have multiplied along their banks, that now it is unfortunately true to say that no tributary entering the Thames below Reading is of any real consequence as a trout water. I have talked since the war with a man by no means senile who had in his boyhood caught great trout on the artificial fly in the Wandle—now a sluggish, dirty drain that oozes under Wandsworth High Street, with factories all along

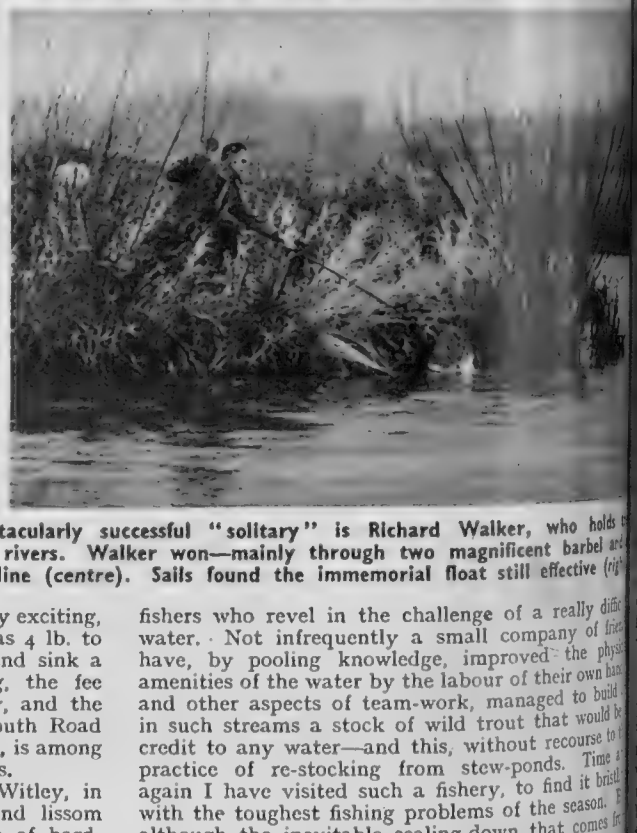
(*Continued on following page*)

WEEK-END FISHING FOR THE LONDONER

THE WEIR-FISHER IS A SPECIALIST: Some anglers prefer placid, deep swims. The weir-fisher finds his joy in the boil of water. It is a question, perhaps, of temperament. This angler trots his lure down the spillway at Mill End, Bucks: a form of fishing which demands a very highly-developed sense of touch.

DRY FLY—THE CLASSIC TECHNIQUE: Everything that haunts the dreams of the tro fisher during the dark months is epitomised in this angler casting his fly on t waters of the Kennet at Dunford Mill, near Hungerford. The Kennet is perhaps t best mayfly river in England: its trout large, cunning and power





COMPETITIVE EXCITEMENTS: One of Britain's greatest competition fishers is Tom Sails. The most spectacularly successful "solitary" is Richard Walker, who holds t British record with a carp of 44 lb. Sails and Walker fished a match of three legs on three rivers. Walker won—mainly through two magnificent barbel and good chub (*left*) taken from the Hampshire Avon. Walker pinned his faith to casting a floatless line (*centre*). Sails found the immemorial float still effective (*righ*

(*Continued from previous page*)

its banks discharging their noxious effluents. The Kentish Darent is another of a number of once fruitful trout streams that have suffered. There is still an occasional trout to be had in the Mole around Cobham and above, but more by accident than design, and as often as not caught on the worm of a bottom fisherman pursuing a very different quarry; to his great content.

One exception to the arbitrary dictum that all tributaries entering the Thames below Reading are now of no account as trout streams is the River Wey. This pleasant, meandering stream, which joins the main river at Weybridge, has retained a certain purity, and although below Guildford trout are so rare as not to be fished for of set purpose, there are reaches above that agreeable old town where trout abound and, what is more, rise freely to fairly good hatches of natural, river-born flies; especially the killing grannom. Many a London angler makes the journey, with his heavy greased silk line, his gut casts softening in their damper, his elegant split-cane rod and his boxes of seductive artificial flies, to the good water around Eashing and Shackleford and Farnham. Hereabouts, if he be a member of the appropriate association, he can find trout of a good size and no small cunning, taking the floating fly from the pearl-bright surface in locations which call for all his skill in casting.

There is also interesting fly fishing to be had (though not many know of it) in the two lovely small lakes of the National Trust known as Waggoners Wells, near Grayshott. The fishing suffers in midsummer from the formation of surface weed, but in spring, and again in a mildly breezy September, it can be extremely exciting, with fish from half a pound up to as much as 4 lb. to reward the man who can cast a long line and sink a bright fly deep. The setting is entrancing, the fee payable to the keeper is half-a-crown a day, and the drive down from London, along the Portsmouth Road to the Devil's Punchbowl and a little beyond, is among the most exhilarating in the Home Counties.

The great fertile lakes of Enton, near Witley, in Surrey, draw their devotees of the long and lissom rod, and annually produce substantial bags of hard-fighting trout. For those who prefer to pay rather less and to enjoy sport of a rather more unpredictable kind, but tremendously exciting on the days when fortune smiles, there is that magnificent and tantalising river, the Kennet. This superb waterway, which enters the Thames rather dismally at Reading, holds a great head of coarse fish, including specimen roach, chub and barbel, superlative dace which rise freely to the dry fly, and also some of the biggest and hardest-fighting trout to be met with in all England. It would be disingenuous to suggest that they are anything but difficult to catch, but during the May Fly season, the water around Newbury offers some of the most thrilling, if the most strenuous fishing available to the Londoner. A tributary of the Kennet, the Lambourne, even more pellucid, if that be possible, than the main stream itself, provides enchanting dry-fly fishing for trout of moderate size and some grayling.

There are various small, heavily-bushed, tree-hung and generally overgrown streams to be found in every county around the metropolis, unhonoured and unsung, which nevertheless attract their devoted band of fly fishers who revel in the challenge of a really diffi water. Not infrequently a small company of frie have, by pooling knowledge, improved the physi amenities of the water by the labour of their own han and other aspects of team-work, managed to build in such streams a stock of wild trout that would be credit to any water—and this, without recourse to practice of re-stocking from stew-ponds. Time a again I have visited such a fishery, to find it bristl with the toughest fishing problems of the season. although the inevitable scaling-down that comes fr such a water—rods, perhaps, as short as 6 ft.—wi not appeal to the expansive nature of the big-river m yet there is a charm about them, the subtle charm the miniature, which can be found nowhere else.

Perhaps the best trout streams running into t Thames within reach of the Londoner bent on a day fishing are the exquisite Windrush, a stream as love as its name, which enters in the vicinity of Oxford, a the sterling little Pang, which gives its name to Pan bourne. Difficult and fruitful dry-fly waters, they both well preserved.

But, of course, the *crème de la crème*, the *summ bonum*, the apotheosis of the trout fisher's joy, is to found on the almost legendary River Test. T greatest of all chalk streams, costly to fish beyond t dreams of most, reaches its apogee in the water the Houghton Club around Stockbridge, Hants. He forgather men of wealth and discrimination, bearin some of the greatest names in England's public life t angle with ritualistic deliberation for trout of 3, 4, 5 a even 6 lb. in weight, plainly visible in the incredibl crystalline water, difficult to approach and doubl

ONE HOUR FROM MARBLE ARCH: No river has stood up better to the changing conditions of the century than the Surrey Wey, which joins the Thames at Weybridge. In its upper reaches it provides good trout-fishing, and passable coarse angling throughout its entire length. There are few more rewarding spots to fish than here at Newark Mill, near Ripley.

"SWEET THAMES, RUN SOFTLY": "What is really amazing is that Thames fishing has stood up so well to the vastly increased demands made on it. Almost all the credit is due to the Thames Angling Preservation Society, which embarked on a far-sighted programme of restocking." Excellent fishing is still to be had almost within the "city walls"—the flood-tide anglers at Richmond (*left*) prove it. For the less gregarious, there are the tranquil reaches at Romney Island, near Windsor (*right*).

ifficult to persuade. This is the height of every fly-sher's ambition, to lay a line on the limpid water of e well-named Test.

The Londoner whose particular quarry is sea-trout not well provided for. Again, these elegant and owerful members of the family of *salmonidæ* frequent e fast rivers of the West and North. But there *are* vers within the ambit of the peripatetic Londoner hich have a regular run of sea-trout. The sluggish and nlikely Ouse of Sussex, which meets the sea at New-aven, has a small and chancy run of surprisingly big sh. The Sussex Arun, too, which runs through well-yed Stopham Bridge and Pulborough to the sea at ttlehampton, has a late and rather uncertain run of ood sea-trout, and I have heard of one or two reaching tributary the Sussex Rother (incidentally a fine ver for other and more reliable sorts of angling, yielding ub and pike and even some trout, out of all proportion its apparent insignificance). But the sea-trout of the un and the Ouse cannot be relied upon to provide ort on any specified day; the visiting angler who eets with them customarily offers up a fervent hymn praise. Nevertheless, I am not by any means the ny angler who thinks such a mission, late in August, tirely worthwhile.

So much for the "game" angler, the man to whom e trout is well-nigh sacred and the only decent and ortsmanlike lure a confection of fur and feather. He of course, very heavily outnumbered by the army anglers who fish beneath the surface with a bait, for e so-called "coarse" fish: they who are variously lled "coarse fishers" and "bottom fishers," two escapable descriptions neither euphonious nor happy.

Now, despite the degeneration of waters which we mentioned earlier, London and its environs happen to be particularly kind to the coarse fisherman. There is enough water for all; and if some of it seems invariably over-crowded, the answer may simply be that some anglers, like ordinary mortals, are either gregarious or lazy or even both. There is fishing of a sort right in the heart of London, in the Serpentine; and, contrary to popular superstition, fish are actually caught: namely, smallish roach. The roach, "the sparrow of the waters," as it has been called, is pretty well ubiquitous in England, and none pursues it with so single-minded a devotion as that figure of history and legend, the London Roach Fisher. There is even a distinct style of roach fishing indigenous to London.

This is the art or craft of tight-lining with a roach-pole; now, alas, in desuetude. But you may still see, every week-end between mid-June and mid-March, anglers fishing the Thames and the Lee in the identical style which was invariable from the eighteenth century or earlier until a very few years ago.

The London roach-pole is, or was, a tremendous affair, and reminds us what men our ancestors were. It is a simple, many-jointed pole of bamboo, as much as 20 ft. long, though perhaps 18 ft. would be nearer the average. It carries no reel fittings and no rod rings, for the roach-pole angler scorns to use a running line. He plumbs the depth with meticulous precision so that his bait trips along the bottom. He ties his line directly to the tip-ring of the rod so that there is no more than about 18 ins. of line, always taut, between rod tip and float. The rod tip follows the float on its journey down the swim, and when a fish is hooked it is played by the device of following it with the rod tip in all its movements. A fish can only be landed when the bottom two (or more!) joints are unshipped from the giant pole. There is no question but that this version of tight-lining demanded and developed, to a high degree, "hands" in the same sense that a good horseman is said to possess "hands." The ham-fisted never became very expert with tight-line roach-pole fishing. But the advent of the fixed-spool reel, which makes it childishly easy to cast a light bait a great distance and relatively easy to play even a big fish, spelled the doom of the roach-pole and the decay of much fine angling.

Still, the roach remains, numerically, the Londoner's chief quarry, and whether he fishes the old style, or the more flexible "Nottingham style" in which a reel is used, or that half-breed version of the Nottingham style which the coming of the fixed-spool reel has engendered—whatever style he adopts, the Londoner turns out in thousands, every week-end for nine months of the year, to lure roach from his parent river.

What is really amazing is that Thames fishing has stood up so well to the vastly increased and still increasing demands made on it. Almost all the credit for this happy state of affairs belongs to the Thames Angling Preservation Society—the redoubtable "TAPS"—a society formed at Hampton in 1838, always entirely voluntary in its work, which drew up a self-denying and highly sporting code for Thames anglers, appointed water-bailiffs and eventually embarked on the most staggering and far-sighted programme of re-stocking, which continues to this day. Thus, in the greatest and most catholic free fishery in the country, there is still to be found an ample supply of admirable fish. Not merely roach,

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WEEK-END FISHING FOR THE LONDONER

SOME PREFER STILL WATERS : The combination of absolute placidity with needle-sharp alertness is exemplified by the angler drifting down-wind at Enton Lakes, near Witley, in Surrey. This wet-fly trout-fisher blesses the concealing breeze.

THE ARTFULLEST OF ALL : No branch of trout-fishing demands more delicacy and skill than dry-fly fishing on the slighter streams. This angler is fishing the Broad Shallows reach of the Evenlode, a tributary of the Thames, at Coombe.

THE CARP-FISHER SETTLES DOWN : Some anglers want action, and find it in roving a river's bank with fly-rod or spinning tackle. But the carp-fisher sits it out, silent and immobile, at the lakeside in high summer. A good mixed water is Broadwater Lake, Farncombe, between Guildford and Godalming (*left*). Almost equally placid is the sluggish River Mole at Cobham (*right*), where many London and local anglers pit their wits against a fair head of chub, roach and pike.

(*Concluded from previous page*)

though doubtless roach outnumber the rest, but decent dace, very fine chub, some perch (a fish, alas, everywhere on the decline), any number of pike, innumerable bleak and gudgeon, many handsome bream, a few carp, too many ruffe—and numbers of great, dour, rod-smashing barbel. In addition to these excitements there is that outstanding and almost legendary fish, the Thames trout.

The Thames trout is diminishing in numbers, no doubt. A whole season may pass without half-a-dozen being landed. Yet still enthusiasts of the deepest dye are content to spend a spring and summer spinning the dead bleak, or drifting the live minnow, through the haunts of Thames trout—mainly the lashing and cavernous weir pools, but also sometimes in secluded and tree-grown lay-bys. And a Thames trout once landed is a fish to remember all one's life. Silvery, deep, huge and indomitable, it is like no other trout whatever. It is not difficult to understand the fanaticism of the man who gives the best months of the year to the pursuit of this rare, this almost fabulous fish.

However, the trouter is vastly outnumbered by those who, singly or in companies of friends, sit the day out placidly at the water's edge, squatting, as like as not, on a stout wicker box containing a lifetime's acquisition of tackle, a day's supply of the heartier sort of food and drink and possibly a pack of playing cards to enliven the gregarious journey. Perhaps the spiked handle of an angler's huge umbrella is driven into the turf, to complete, with the forked rod-rests, the very picture of stationariness. Statuesque and static indeed are the bottom fishers of the Thames ; unconcerned, one sometimes' suspects, about the actual quarry, every fish that swims coming to the net with equal felicity. There is something broad and humane and catholic about such fishing that, though the purist's lip may curl, touches and warms the heart.

Besides these stationary anglers, there are, of course, the many who prowl the river's bank spinning for pike and chub. There are habitual weir fishers who ledger for the mighty barbel where the water rushes strongest. There are those who trot fat floats topped with little flags immense distances downstream, bent on the capture of great, shy chub. There are even those who, crouching behind bushes, insinuate a rod-tip through the tangle of foliage and lower a fat buzzy fly on to the water—the ancient and delightful practice known variously as dapping, dibbing and shade fishing, also for chub. These, however, are the rather less common energetic variants on the standard London roach fisher.

There is passable fishing for roach and dace as far down river as the hards below Hammersmith Bridge, but Thames fishing really gets into its swing at Richmond, where, within a few feet of the bridges, elbowed by idlers and hemmed in by traffic, men who have the gift of being sublimely oblivious to their surroundings take handsome roach the whole season round. Kingston, too, especially along and opposite Canbury Gardens, provides good fishing, some superb bream and even the odd carp coming to the net, in addition to dace and good numbers of roach up to 1½ lb. But right up the river the pressure of anglers continues, among the favourite fishing stations being Walton, Weybridge, Molesey, Windsor, Staines, Laleham, Penton Hook, Chertsey, Maidenhead, Wargrave, Henley, Reading, Wallingford, Dorchester, Goring, Streatley, Pangbourne, and others too numerous to mention. The influence of the London angler is felt on Thames-side as far up as Oxford, where the provincial takes over from him decisively.

Izaak Walton's own river, the Lee, which runs into the Thames between the East India Dock and the Victoria and Albert Dock, is not by any means what it was, having been partly canalised and partly polluted. Nevertheless, it is still entirely fishable in many parts, and is well fished. Up near the sleepy, pleasant towns of Hoddesdon and Ware, from the sweetly-named inns The Ferry Boat and the Fish and Eels, the angler may still set forth in sure expectation of agreeable sport.

Not all London coarse fishermen, by any means, fish the Thames and the Lee. They fan out, every week-end, to such agreeable rivers as the Mole and the Wey, the Arun and the Rother, and even as far afield as the superlative Hampshire Avon, possibly the finest coarse-fish river in the land.

There is another aspect of angling which attracts great numbers of Londoners, and that is the still-water fishing to be had, almost for the asking, in the vast reservoirs of the Metropolitan Water Board, and in the many new and old gravel pits, some still stark and ugly and some returning to a state of nature, from which half, or more than half, of present-day London was dug within the last century. The great reservoirs grouped near Staines are famous for their swarming perch and big roach ; the Lambeth reservoir still holds the British roach record (3 lb. 14 ozs.) ; at the Walthamstow group there is fine mixed fishing ; the waters of Dagenham and Cheshunt are celebrated for their massive carp. The lakes at Tring yielded up the British record bream. And there are pits ringing London—such as those at Thorpe and Iver, in Middlesex—where a great head of mixed coarse fish give the angler pleasure throughout his year.

Thus and thus does the London angler find his pleasure in the compass of a day's journey. Much has been written about the hardships of living in London while doting upon angling, but I think the picture has been sometimes drawn rather too dark. I lived in London for years and fished every week, with increasing joy and profit. Whether one leaves the capital in the darkness of a winter 6 a.m. by train, Green Line coach, bus or car, or in the ecstatically thrilling radiance of a spring dawn, there is always, at the end of a short journey, the silence and peace of a friendly waterside, the mysterious magic that is angling.

The "FLYING RECTANGLE"

AND OTHER ITEMS OF AVIATION NEWS FROM TWO COUNTRIES

Above and on left—**A NEW SHAPE IN AMERICAN SKIES—THE "FLYING RECTANGLE" IS PUT THROUGH ITS PACES : This strange-looking aircraft is seen on a test flight at Santa Ana, in California, during which it was piloted by the designer, William E. Horton. The designer says that he built the plane for safety and for exceptional lifting power. This was the second test flight of the aircraft, which is powered by two 450-h.p. engines and which weighs 4 tons. The first attempt made to fly it last year ended in a crash. At the moment, the machine is purely a civilian undertaking, but the U.S. Army has shown interest.**

AN EXPERIMENTAL JET AIRCRAFT ON A TEST FLIGHT NEAR MARSEILLES : The S.F.E.C.M.A.S. 1402 Gerfaut jet aircraft is seen flying with its undercarriage down during a test flight from the airport of Istres, near Marseilles. Details of its performance have not been released, but the Gerfaut is said to be capable of supersonic speeds and it is the first French aircraft with delta wings.

THE LATEST SIKORSKY HELICOPTER ON A DEMONSTRATION FLIGHT : *On left*—The helicopter demonstrates its cargo capacity. This new aircraft is known as the XHR 2S-2 and has been developed by the Sikorsky Aircraft Company for the U.S. Marine Corps and embodies many features new to helicopters. One of these is a retractable landing gear, which contributes greatly to the machine's top speed of over 150 m.p.h. The helicopter has a large, five-bladed main rotor which is powered by two Pratt and Whitney R2800 engines slung outboard of the main fuselage in nacelles on stub wings. An automatic pilot device and anti-icing equipment are other features of the XHR 2S-2, which will carry up to thirty-four armed troops.

BACKGROUND TO BERLIN

People, Places and Events that Share the Limelight while the Four Foreign Ministers Meet

BERLINERS MARK THE OPENING OF THE CONFERENCE WITH A THREE-MINUTES SILENCE: A group at a street corner standing in silence for three minutes at 8.30 on the morning of the first day of the Berlin Conference. Traffic lights were turned to amber, and all traffic was halted in the West Sector as the great Freedom Bell on the Town Hall began to toll. On the whole, however, Berliners in both Sectors have shown surprisingly little interest in the historic meeting in their own city.

COMMEMORATING THE MEETING OF THE BIG FOUR: The special commemorative postcard and stamp issued by the West Berlin Post Office. The 20-pfennig stamp depicts the entrance to the Allied Control Council building in the West Sector, where the first week's Conference was held. Like the First Day date stamp, the postage stamp bears the legend "Four-Power Conference, Berlin, 1954." On right is the usual 1-pfennig stamp depicting the famous Brandenburg Gate, which marks the boundary between the British and the Soviet Sectors of Berlin.

TYPEWRITERS FOR THE RUSSIAN DELEGATION: A Russian soldier helping a member of the Soviet delegation with brown-paper parcels when they arrived for the opening meeting of the Foreign Ministers. Each Foreign Minister at Berlin is accompanied by a staff of over seventy, most of whom attend the talks.

GUARDING THE FOREIGN MINISTERS: The doors to the main entrance of the Allied Control Council building were closed while the four Ministers were meeting. Outside stood British, French and American military policemen, who did duty together. When the Conference moved to the Soviet Sector, the guards were Russian soldiers.

CREDENTIALS ARE CAREFULLY SCRUTINISED: A Press cameraman shows the guards his permit to take photographs of the Conference. Snow was falling steadily in Berlin during the opening days, and temperatures were well below freezing.

CONTRAST IN STYLES : The limousines of the four Foreign Ministers parked together. From left are the British motor-car (Rolls-Royce), French (Cadillac), Soviet (Zis) and American (Cadillac).

"PLUS ÇA CHANGE"—GOEBBELS'S PROPAGANDA MINISTRY BECOMES THE EAST GERMAN PRESS CENTRE : The elegant staircase in the building which has been opened in East Berlin for correspondents. The Communist Press Centre is in the same building that housed Dr. Goebbels and his minions, and overlooks the ruins of Hitler's Chancellery. For the Berlin Conference the building has been transformed from a dingy and gloomy place to a fresh and bright residence complete with every facility for correspondents. Faded portraits of old Communist leaders have given way to old masters and decorative draperies and potted flowers. There is a snack-bar and restaurant filled with delicacies which belie the hardship of life in East Berlin. Evidently the East German authorities are all out to impress visitors from the West—although they are careful not to ignore journalists from their own side of the curtain. But there is one drawback for Western correspondents : unless they come well armed with East German marks, they find the Press Centre four times as expensive as any normal place in East Berlin.

EAST BERLIN'S SHOP-WINDOW FOR JOURNALISTS : A waitress serving a customer at the refreshment bar loaded with good things. This is part of the service provided for Western as well as Communist correspondents by the East Berlin Press Centre. On right—The smartened-up Soviet Zone Press Centre in the Thälmannplatz, which was formerly the Wilhelmplatz.

MR. MOLOTOV'S ENTOURAGE ARRIVING IN THE BRITISH SECTOR : The convoy of Russian cars crossing the Potsdamer Platz on its way to the meeting-place of the Big Four. When Mr. Molotov dined out at the British Embassy the procession of cars drove at speeds up to 60 m.p.h. through streets cordoned off by the police. Sirens sounded and traffic was stopped at all intersections on the three-mile route.

INFORMATION FOR WESTERN CORRESPONDENTS : The information desk at the Press Centre in the Soviet Sector of Berlin. Here Western journalists find that everything is considerably brighter, bigger and better than in the East Berlin outside ; even the girls are better-dressed and made up more carefully.

AN ARCHITECTURAL SURVEY

Buildings of Particular Interest which are in the News in Several Parts of England

Standing amid a large semi-formal garden on the outskirts of the Somerset village of Tintinhull, some five miles north-west of Yeovil, is the seventeenth-century house of the same name which has been given to the National Trust by Mrs. P. E. Reiss. It is a stone building with a late seventeenth- or early eighteenth-century front and a stone-slated and partly-slated roof. Built by the Napper family, a branch of the Napiers, who lived there for many generations until 1790, and whose descendants still live in Somerset, the house is considered to be a good example of a small Somerset manor.

The semi-formal garden, which extends to about four acres, is planted with flowering shrubs and herbaceous borders; it also contains a pool garden. Mrs. Reiss, who was largely responsible for the design of the garden, will continue to live at Tintinhull, but the estate, including the house and garden, will also be open to the public from 2 p.m. to 6 p.m. on Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays from April 1 to September 30, commencing on Wednesday, April 7.

A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY SOMERSET HOUSE FOR THE NATION: The garden front of Tintinhull House, near Yeovil, which has been given to the National Trust by Mrs. P. E. Reiss. It is a fine example of a small Somerset manor, and a replica has been built in Atalanta, Georgia, U.S.A.

A CORNER OF THE DRAWING-ROOM AT TINTINHULL: This view shows the fine pinewood panelling. The woodwork in other parts of this Somerset house also warrants the attention of visitors.

A NEW CHURCH FOR BIGGIN HILL, KENT, WHICH IS BEING BUILT WITH MATERIALS FROM A WAR-DAMAGED LONDON CHURCH: The Rev. Vivian Symons, seen at work on the roof of the partly-built south transept of the new church, and, *below, on left*, All Saints' Church at Camberwell, South London, from which the same priest is salvaging building materials.

A PRIEST TURNS LABOURER: The Rev. V. Symons, who, with the help of volunteers from the Church Missionary Society's Training College, is demolishing part of All Saints', Camberwell, for re-erection at Biggin Hill.

When the Rev. Vivian Symons was appointed to a living at Biggin Hill, Kent, he found himself in a parish without a church. This he soon remedied by seeking permission to demolish All Saints' Church, Camberwell, which, because there is another church in the same parish, is not being repaired after its war damage. With the approval of the Bishop and with the assistance of volunteers, Mr. Symons soon began on his task of demolition and transporting the materials to his own parish at Biggin Hill. There the bricks, timber and other materials are cleaned and made ready for re-erection. In addition to the assistance being given by the people actually helping with the work, others have now come forward with offers of transport. This ingenious scheme is expected to take about three years to complete.

A CLASH OF NATIONAL INTERESTS IN WARWICKSHIRE: Arbury Hall, Nuneaton, where the Coal Board propose to mine two seams of coal.

At Nuneaton recently it was stated that the near-by Arbury Hall had been listed by the Minister of Housing and Local Government as a building of national importance. This was referred to during the public inquiry held by the Ministry when the National Coal Board was seeking permission tc mine two seams of coal under the Hall. They contended that if the proposal was dismissed, the Griff No. 4 Pit, a short distance away, would have to close in a few years. Mr. Michael Rowe, Q.C., representing the Coal Board, said that there was a clash of national interests. It was in the country's interest that the coal should be worked, but it was also important that no damage should be done to the Hall. To this end the Board had proposed to adopt a method of working which was planned to avoid any material damage to the Hall's ceilings. Arbury Hall was described as the most complete example of eighteenth-century Gothic decoration in the country.

SIDE ARBURY ("CHEVEREL MANOR") HALL, THE ESTATE OF THE NEWDEGATES, OF WHICH GEORGE ELIOT'S FATHER WAS AGENT: The little sitting-room and the dining-room. At the Nuneaton inquiry it was stated: "The fact that in the more important rooms the plaster decoration of the ceilings is applied to vaults of brick or masonry, makes the risk of damage from subsidence more serious. If these vaults were disturbed or dislocated to a slight extent the damage to the plasterwork would be irreparable."

ESTORATION WORK BEGINS ON WHAT IS THOUGHT TO BE THE LARGEST PARISH CHURCH IN ENGLAND: The shell of St. Nicholas, the parish church of Great Yarmouth, where rebuilding operations, extending over a period of ten years, have been begun. The church, destroyed by incendiary bombs in June 1942, was a favourite place of worship among visitors to the town and always had big congregations; since the war, summer-time services have been held outside the ruins. The restoration work is expected to cost about £500,000. The vicar, Canon L. J. Baggott, who is also responsible for six daughter churches, has collected £30,000 for refurnishings. St. Nicholas dates from 1119.

A CONTROVERSY OVER A LONDON LODGE BUILT BY A KING: Nos. 9 and 10, Newington Green, Islington, N., built by Henry VIII as a hunting-lodge, and now owned by the Mildmay Trust, have been the subject of a controversy between the Trust and the L.C.C. The Trust, who allowed the Ministry of Health to occupy the buildings, had been ordered by the L.C.C. to repair the roofs but felt "very strongly about it," so allowed the matter to be brought to the notice of a court. It was a "matter of courtesy" that the Trust had allowed the Ministry to keep the house after the local hospital had been taken over in 1948, and they complained that they were not being treated as they should be by the Ministry. Nevertheless, the Trust was ordered to comply with the order.

ROYAL NAVAL DIVERS TAKING THE PLUNGE NEAR WESTMINSTER : Two young divers scrambling into the water off Lambeth Pier on a cold and frosty morning. They are members of the crew of H.M.S. *Annet*, who are starting a new course of diving training which the Royal Navy is carrying out in the Thames during the next few months. Because the air temperature at the time was below freezing, the two divers found that it was considerably warmer on the river-bed.

NAVAL DIVERS IN THE THAMES

A New Training Scheme is being Operated by the Royal Navy in London's River

A team of young Royal Naval divers is now working in the Thames between Tower Bridge and Battersea. The divers are gaining experience of the sort of diving conditions which are encountered in commercial ports and rivers, where the water is often murky and tidal difficulties frequently add to their hazards. Below the Pool of London, they are working from two ships, H.M.S. *Annet* and H.M.S. *Flatholm*, both anti-submarine and minesweeping trawlers. The divers operate from specially-fitted motor cutters, but they will, in fact, be independent of these attendant craft, for with each diver carrying his own air supply, they do not require the usual air hose and air pump. In time of war, divers have to operate in all kinds of strange waters, and this new scheme in London's river will give the Royal Navy's underwater experts excellent preparation.

THE MOTOR CUTTER FROM WHICH THE DIVERS ARE LOWERED INTO THE THAMES : Two divers splashing into the water as another man clambers out of the river. The training team of divers operates from specially-fitted motor cutters between Tower Bridge and Battersea. Diving is very much a matter of teamwork, and calls for exceptional physical fitness.

DRESSING THE DIVERS : The Royal Naval divers training in the Thames wear light, self-contained suits as well as nylon undersuits, which are waterproof and keep the men warm.

LAST-MINUTE ADJUSTMENTS : On board the motor cutter a nut on the diver's suit is tightened with a spanner.

TESTING THE TEMPERATURE : A diver finds out how much warmer the water is than the air. Once below surface, he does not have to rely on an air hose or pump on the surface.

COMMUNISM: FOR AND AGAINST

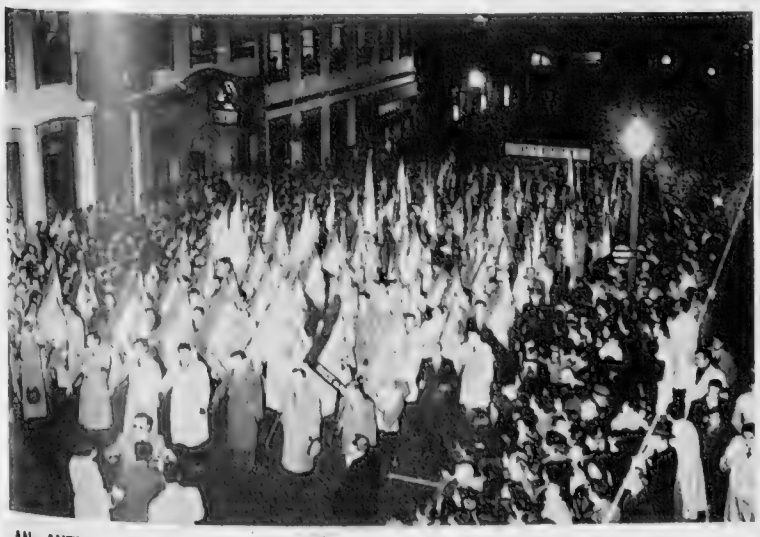
The Unrepatriated Prisoners in Korea; Igor Gouzenko in Canada; and a Roman Catholic Rally in Portugal

PRO-COMMUNIST PRISONERS BEFORE THE CAMERAS: A television cameraman in the neutral zone of Korea filming two American prisoners of war who have refused repatriation. Looking on are South Koreans who have similarly chosen to remain with the Chinese Communists. The 347 prisoners of war held a Press conference a few days after their Indian guards had left them. This conference was organised by two Communist journalists, and six reporters from the United Nations' side listened to the prisoners' explanatory statements.

THE ONLY BRITISH PRISONER WHO REFUSED TO RETURN: Marine Andrew Condron (right) leading the pro-Communist prisoners in singing "Solidarity for Ever" to the tune of "John Brown's Body." The prisoners had marched from their camp to the Peace Pavilion at Panmunjom, where the armistice was signed last July, to hold a Press conference.

THE RECALCITRANT PRISONERS AT HOME TO THE PRESS: An American sergeant, one of the spokesmen for the pro-Communist prisoners at Panmunjom, talking to reporters in the Peace Pavilion. The long prepared statement which was read to the Press praised the Communists and attacked the United Nations Command. The next day the Chinese agreed to take back the prisoners so that they could become "civilian peace fighters."

A MASKED MAN COMES INTO THE OPEN: Igor Gouzenko, the Russian Embassy clerk whose revelations led to the breaking-up of the Canadian spy ring in 1946, seen as a hooded figure at a television interview with the American columnist, Mr. Drew Pearson, a few months ago. This picture, which has only now been released, together with the interview, is the first of Gouzenko since he was granted political asylum by the Canadian authorities more than seven years ago. At the time of the Harry Dexter White revelations last November, the American State Department asked the Canadian Government to allow an interview with the Russian. After at first refusing, Gouzenko volunteered to meet a Senate investigation committee in secrecy, but declared that he had no new information on Communist spying activities.



AN ANTI-COMMUNIST MARCH IN OPORTO: The banners of various Roman Catholic bodies heading a procession of many thousands who marched through the streets of Oporto in protest against the treatment of Roman Catholics in countries behind the Iron Curtain. The procession, called the "Silent March," made its way to the Coliseum in the city, where a number of speeches were made. *Right*—Dom Antonio Ferreira Gomes, Bishop of Oporto, addressing the rally at the Coliseum.

The HOME NEWS in PICTURES

Recent Events in London, Manchester, Falmouth, and Scotland

A SPANISH SHIP BLOCKS LONDON BRIDGE: The liner *Monte Urquiola* seen after a sudden gust of wind had blown her against London Bridge as she was leaving her berth at New Fresh Wharf on her way to the Canary Islands. The accident happened while the ship was being nosed into midstream by two tugs. Once the gust of wind had caught the vessel broadside-on, the tugs were unable to prevent her drifting against the bridge. Londoners on their way home during the evening rush-hour were able to stop and talk to passengers on the boat while crossing London Bridge. At full tide nine tugs swung the *Monte Urquiola*, which suffered no serious damage, into midstream once again.

THE ANNUAL CEREMONY OF LAYING A WREATH AT THE STATUE OF GENERAL GORDON IS REVIVED BY THE GORDON BOYS' SCHOOL, WOKING: The wreath being laid at the foot of the statue, which was recently re-erected near the new Government offices in Whitehall Gardens. This was the first time that the ceremony had been carried out since the statue was removed from its position in Trafalgar Square in 19[illegible]. The Gordon Boys' School was built after the assassination of the General in Khartoum as a memorial. It is the only private military school in the country.

THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE DUKE OF MONTROSE AT BUCHANAN: Farm-workers flank the coffin as it is borne on a farm-cart to the family burial-ground in Buchanan Parish Church. The coffin was carried into the church by the farm-workers, between a guard of honour formed by men of the Clyde division of the R.N.V.R., of which the Duke was at one time a commander. Among those taking part in the service were the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, the Rev. F. H. Fulton, and the Rev. J. T. Menteith. Among the congregation was the Earl of Elgin, representing the Queen.

TOLBOOTH TOWER TUMBLES DOWN: The tower, which was part of the old jail in Muir Street, Hamilton, Scotland, is seen crashing to the ground after demolition workers had detonated an explosive charge. The tower, whose bell had chimed out the hours in Hamilton for over 300 years, had been declared unsafe, as part of its foundations had crumbled away and it was menacing part of a near-by housing scheme.

LONEL CARNE OF THE GLOSTERS RECEIVES THE FREEDOM OF FALMOUTH : Lieut.-Colonel Carne is seen receiving a silver casket containing an inscribed vellum scroll from Mr. T. L. Morris, the Mayor of Falmouth. Standing at the left is Mr. E. J. K. Gibbons, the Town Clerk. The ceremony was held in the open air, despite the fact that it was raining, and was attended by about 1,500 local schoolchildren. On the platform with Colonel Carne were his two brothers, Captain W. P. Carne, R.N., and Mr. G. Carne. As the Colonel and his wife walked on to the platform the Falmouth Town Band played the regimental march of the Gloucestershire Regiment. Prayers were said by the Mayor's Chaplain, Canon J. P. Hodges, and then the Town Clerk read the resolution which admitted Colonel Carne to the freedom.

SIR JOCELYN LUCAS AND HIS FAMOUS SEALYHAM PACK ENJOY A FIELD DAY IN ESSEX : Sir Jocelyn seen calling up his pack, which included fifteen couples of Sealyhams, and two couples each of beagles and the specially-bred Lucas terriers. At the invitation of an Essex farmer, Sir Jocelyn and his pack hunted a large, dense woodland area near Ingatestone, covering 125 acres, in which it is normally very difficult to raise game. At the end of the hunt, however, the bag included more than a dozen woodcock and cock pheasants, fifty wood-pigeons, forty-five rabbits, three hares, two hawks, two magpies, three jays and one fox. Sealyhams from this, the only pack in the country, have been exported to almost every part of the world.

PEEDING UP THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE CENTRAL TERMINAL AREA AT LONDON AIRPORT : The partly-completed control tower and a section of the administrative buildings which form part of the £30,000,000 project at the airport. The move from the present prefabricated buildings at the side of the Airport to the new area was originally planned for 1955, but congestion has necessitated a speed-up in the development. It is expected that airlines with routes to Europe will be the first in the new buildings, which will probably be completed for the holiday season of 1955. The transport of material to the central area has been made easier by the opening of the mile-long tunnel from the Bath Road side of the Airport.

MR. ATTLEE RECEIVES THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF MANCHESTER : The Lord Mayor, Alderman A. Moss, presents the Leader of the Opposition with an inscribed scroll during the ceremony in the Town Hall. Mr. Attlee was described as "a statesman who has rendered outstanding service to the nation." The newly-honoured freeman recalled the fact that his father was entertained by the civic authorities forty-eight years ago, when the Law Society, of which he was president, that year had its annual meeting in Manchester.

A LONDON CELEBRATION HELD IN HONOUR OF SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY : The author (right), his daughter, Lady John Hope, and his brother, Lord Maugham, seen together at the Exhibition of Maugham's manuscripts, first editions and other items at *The Times* Bookshop, in Wigmore Street. The celebration of Maugham's birthday on January 25 began with a dinner given in his honour on the previous evening at the Garrick Club.

AT THE HEIGHT OF THE COLD SPELL, YORKSHIRE "TURNS ON THE HEAT" AGAINST ROAD ACCIDENTS : A new Dutch machine that burns an anti-skid surface on granite setts, seen being demonstrated at Pateley Bridge. It directs a 30-jet oxy-acetylene burner, attaining a temperature of 3,200 degrees Centigrade, on the surface of the setts, and burns ridges into the granite, thus, it is claimed, making a safer driving surface. It is estimated that there are 3,000 miles of roads in Britain where this machine could be of use.

THE ENTHRONEMENT OF DR. GODFREY

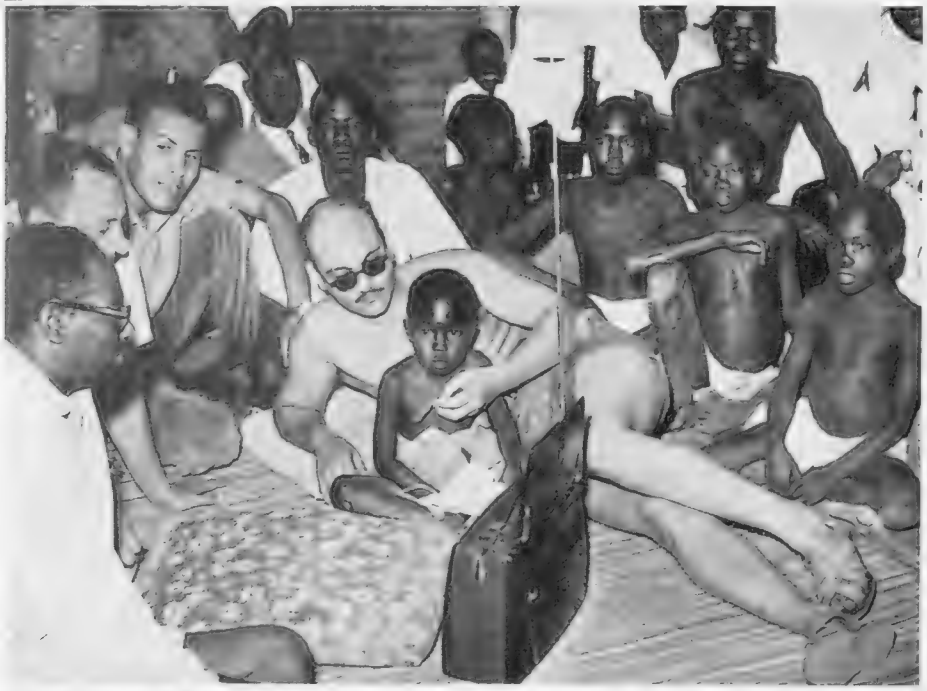
The Solemn Ceremony at the Roman Catholic Pro-Cathedral in Liverpool

DR. WILLIAM GODFREY SEEN ARRIVING AT THE PRO-CATHEDRAL OF ST. NICHOLAS, LIVERPOOL, WHERE HE WAS ENTHRONED AS THE ROMAN CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOP: In the foreground of this picture are Lord Sempill and Mgr. D. Cashman, who attended the Archbishop. More than 1,000 people, including clergy representing fourteen religious orders, attended the enthronement of Dr. Godfrey, who is a native of the city of Liverpool. Among the Bishops taking part in the ceremony were those of Hexham and Newcastle, Lancaster, Salford, Leeds, Shrewsbury, Menevia, and the Auxiliary Bishops of Liverpool. The Master of Ceremonies was Mgr. Cyril Taylor. The new Archbishop was met at the steps of the pro-Cathedral by the canons and honorary canons of the Metropolitan Chapter, headed by the Provost, Bishop Halsall, and was then led to the throne by the Bishops of Hexham and Newcastle, and Lancaster, the Senior Suffragan Bishops. After celebrating High Mass, Archbishop Godfrey bestowed the Papal Blessing.

THE SOLEMN AND IMPRESSIVE SCENE IN THE PRO-CATHEDRAL OF LIVERPOOL: Archbishop Godrey is seen seated on the throne on the left of this picture. Seated (extreme left) are Lord Sempill and Mgr. D. Cashman, who were attending the new Archbishop. Dr. Godfrey will for a time combine his duties as Apostolic Delegate with his work as Archbishop of Liverpool.

The "DANCING MAJOR" REVISITS the SUDAN

Major Salah Salem Among Sudanese Tribesmen



THE EGYPTIAN MINISTER OF NATIONAL GUIDANCE RELAXES AMONG THE DINKAS OF SUDAN: Major Salah Salem (wearing dark glasses) is seen with members of the Dinka tribe during his recent visit to the Sudan. It was with the Dinkas that Major Salem joined in a tribal dance last year, wearing only his underpants. It was this performance that earned him the sobriquet of the "Dancing Major."

On left—

MAJOR SALEM ROUGHS IT WHILE IN THE SUDAN: The Egyptian Minister is seen taking a bath in a stream. On his visit the Major was accompanied by Major-General Abdel Hakim Amer, Commander-in-Chief of the Egyptian Armed Forces. Of his visit to the Sudan, Major Salem said that he was only there for a rest, and to show the tribes of the Sudan that Egypt had their welfare at heart. Despite this statement, Major Salem delivered several speeches to tribesmen.

THE "DANCING MAJOR" SWINGS IT: Major Salem swings across a stream in Equatoria with the aid of a rope. While in the Equatoria district of Sudan Major Salem announced his intention of seeing the troops of the Defence Corps. It was then discovered that nearly all the soldiers were away on manœuvres, and that only fatigue men were left. These were treated to a display of "jungle acrobatics" by the Major.

SEARCHING FOR THE COMET

The Naval Salvage Team, Equipped with Asdic and Television, Seeks Evidence of the Mysterious Disaster off Elba

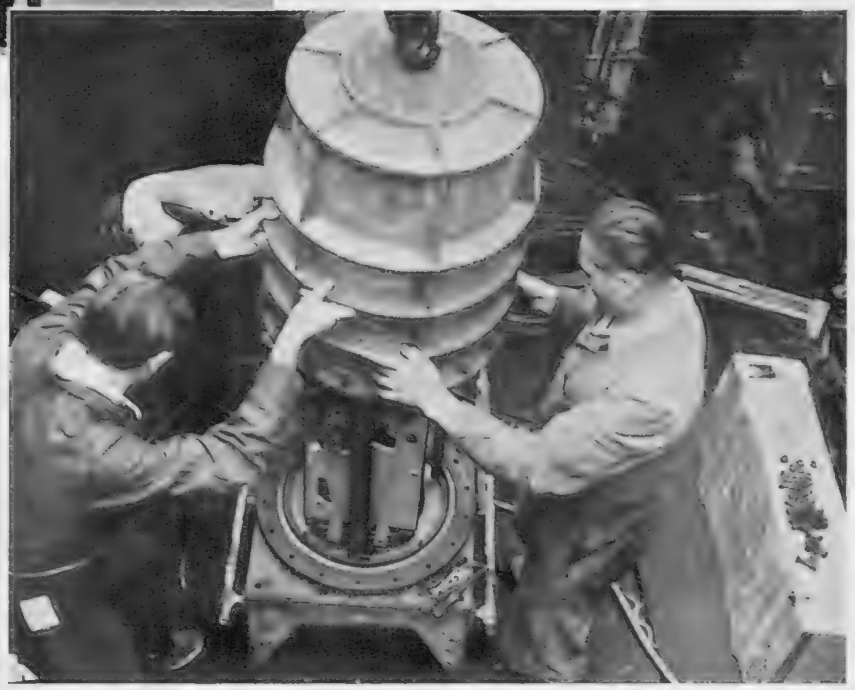
The task of salvaging the wreckage of the B.O.A.C. Comet which crashed off Elba on January 10 has been taken over by a Royal Navy team, led by the anti-submarine frigate, H.M.S. *Wrangler*. Assisting her are H.M.S. *Sea Salvor*, a Royal Fleet Auxiliary salvage vessel, H.M.S. *Sursay*, H.M.S. *Barhill*, and several Italian trawlers.

The sea-bed in the main area of the search slopes, according to Admiralty charts, from 95 to 105 fathoms; the bottom is firm mud, without rocky projections, but it is thought unlikely that the Comet's wreckage would have sunk into the mud yet. No wrecks are known to be in the area. By last week-end a few small pieces of the aircraft's fuselage had been trawled up; the only substantial piece was being hauled up by one of the trawlers when it unfortunately broke away and fell to the sea-bed, there some 70 fathoms down.

High winds and bad seas have made the task difficult. The gales disturbed the mud on the sea-bed and rendered *Sea Salvor's* television equipment ineffective. The heavy object dropped by the trawler was decided on as the best thing to search for first, and *Sea Salvor*, secured by three 30-ton anchorages, moored near it preparatory to lowering a grab. The television camera was going to be used, if possible, to examine the object before the 4½-ton grab, with its 10-ft. jaws, had a chance to damage the evidence.

THE SALVAGE SHIPS TO BRING UP THE COMET DOCKED IN PORTO AZZURO, ELBA: H.M.S. *Sea Salvor* (left) and H.M.S. *Barhill* are two of the ships engaged in the search for wreckage from the Comet which crashed near Elba on January 10.

A PIECE OF THE COMET: Captain C. Morris Parry, commanding H.M.S. *Wrangler*, examines some pieces of the Comet's fuselage trawled up by the Italian fishing vessel *Favilla*.



THE "SEA SALVOR'S" TELEVISION CAMERA: The under-water television camera is being fitted with its casing. It is lighter than that used to locate the *Affray* and can be used to a depth of 1,000 ft. First soundings of the Comet's position were made by Asdic. The Comet is believed to be lying some 600 ft. below the surface.

H.M.S. "SURSAY" MARKS A POSSIBLE FIND: Where promising Asdic echoes were obtained by *Wrangler*, the position was marked with buoys. *On right*—ANOTHER FIND: *Sursay* prepares to lay another buoy on *Wrangler's* signal.

The Sphere of Travel

A EUROPEAN HOLIDAY—II

Practical Suggestions for Visits to Southern Countries

"THAT 'S a place I 'd like to see" is a statement that all travel-lovers make on occasion. The causes of enticement are varied, but I won't attempt to analyse them here. Suffice it to say that one of these holiday ideas comes from what you read, and it may be that the suggestions I offer now may induce you to follow one or other of them. Many of the places to which I take you may not be popular tourist resorts, but I speak of them from personal experience, and feel that they will not prove disappointing. In order to assist further inquiries on any chosen spot, I give the London address of the appropriate national tourist information office at the end of each section.

SPAIN.—Catalonia is one of the most interesting parts of Spain, and Barcelona is by far the best centre from which it can be explored. Within daily excursion reach, for instance, are Montserrat, with its several attractions, not least being the singing of the monastery's "Escolania" (acolyte singers), whose origin dates back to 1307—possibly earlier; Tarragona, with its cyclopean and Roman walls, its Roman remains, and its glorious cathedral; the remarkable Cistercian monasteries of Poblet and Santas Creus, both dating from the twelfth century; the medieval town of Montblanch; Sitges, a lovely seaside resort; Gerona, with its fine cathedral; and the nearer resorts on the Costa Brava. It is also feasible to fly to Palma and back on the same day, thus giving you the opportunity to see its magnificent cathedral and other interesting monuments. Then, Barcelona itself, praised by Cervantes as "that town for beauty unique," has a variety of important sights, including its cathedral and adjoining *Barrio Gotico*, its Museum of Ancient Art, the Tibidabo Mountain, examples of Gaudi's remarkable architecture, magnificent thoroughfares and shops, and not least the famous Ramblas, one of Europe's most pleasant strolling promenades. You should eat one meal at least at the typical "Los Caracoles," and for just over £1 a day you can get a room with bath at the luxury Hotel Arycasa—I give it my three stars. Not least of the appeal of a holiday in Barcelona lies in the fact that by the new Viscount service of B.E.A. you can travel there from London in 150 minutes. I made this trip recently—it costs about the same as all-in second-class overland transportation—and found it a revelation in air travel, both in comfort and speed. In this case, most definitely, "British is best." (Spanish Tourist Office, 70, Jermyn Street, S.W.1.)

PORTUGAL.—It is unfortunately rather difficult and expensive to take one's car out by sea to Portugal, for a leisurely motor-tour is the best way of exploring this comparatively unknown but delightful country. A different kind of holiday, for those who like to laze, would be to take steamer or to fly to Lisbon and then proceed on to the tiny fishing village of Caparica, which is set amidst pine-woods and faces on to the Atlantic. The sands are marvellous—twenty-two miles long—and there is good bathing. The journey from the capital takes only forty-five minutes, which is convenient for those who wish to do some sight-seeing there. A special attraction at Caparica are the typical fishing boats, with the name of a saint or a wide-open eye painted on each up-turned prow. Accommodation is available in a second-class hotel and half-a-dozen pensions. Incidentally, this little resort is free from the "fishy" smells which rather spoil a stay at Setubal, farther along the coast. (Portuguese Official Bureau, 20, Regent Street, S.W.1.)

ANDORRA.—I can never forget the superb view I had from my bedroom window in the Hotel Mirador at Andorra la Vella, the curious little capital of this mountainous and scenically attractive country in the Pyrenees. Standing at an altitude of 3,500 ft., the air, too, is like champagne. I think my best recommendation is that I want to return there. For political reasons, the French Government now make you pay a 1,000-franc visa fee at the frontier, which has reduced the tourist influx considerably. There is a good road through the country and a motorist travelling into Spain might like this way of entry.

SWITZERLAND.— Judging by the popularity of this quite small country with those who go on organised coach tours and in other ways, it would at first sight seem difficult to escape from one's compatriots. Fortunately, however, there are quite a number of delightful corners which are only visited by the discerning visitor. One of these districts is certainly Switzerland's "Cinderella," North-Eastern Switzerland. St. Gall, the lovely capital of the canton, makes an excellent centre for excursions to many interesting places, while the town itself has some fine attractions, including the famous Abbey Library, which rivals that at Coimbra, in Portugal, in its baroque decorations and its collections. Then, easily reached by tram is the famous Pestalozzi village, where the war orphans of many countries are cared for. Farther afield are Saentis Mountain (8,213 ft.), from whose summit, reached by aerial railway, there is a magnificent panoramic view of the Alpine peaks; Schaffhausen, with its great waterfalls and an outstandingly interesting museum; Stein-am-Rhein, the finest medieval town in Switzerland, and which merits a stay, if only to lodge in the ancient Rheinfels Hotel, famed for its cuisine; Constance, and the small adjoining canton of Appenzell, which is such a gem that I only hope it may never be "discovered" by the masses. Near by is the charming Schwendi Valley, with its Seealpsee, one of the loveliest mountain lakes in Switzerland. (Swiss National Tourist Office, 458, Strand, W.C.2.)

LIECHTENSTEIN.—Some readers who took my advice given last year and visited this enchanting little principality, wedged in between Austria and Switzerland, wrote and told me how delighted they were with the experience. There is, indeed, little I can change about my former recommendations, which included making a stay at the small inn (Samina Gasthof) in the mile-high valley, the Malburn, or in its neighbour, the Saminatal, and in the hospitable inn at Triesenberg, which lies on the mountainside overlooking the capital of Vaduz, where there is also pleasant hotel accommodation. For inquiries about accommodation, I recommend the Tourist Office "Quick" in Vaduz, for the ordinary travel agent does not concern himself about this midget European oasis of peace and perfect scenery.

AUSTRIA.—Styria is one of the Austrian Federal Provinces, and—although little known and practically neglected by the average tourist—is without doubt one of the most delightful mountain districts in Europe. Its tourist isolation accounts for that rare atmosphere of the past and loyal adherence to old ways and customs; also for its low prices. Yet Styria is easy of access. The Grundlsee, the Altaussee and the Gesäuse rank among Austria's finest holiday areas, while Graz, the Styrian capital, is second only to Vienna as a cultural centre, and it has also many glorious baroque buildings. Further information can be obtained from the Styria Holiday Agency (220, Kensington High Street, London, W.8.) Then, for those who wish to attend Salzburg or Vienna for their music festivals, it is useful to know that tickets and other arrangements can be arranged through the Gardiner Travel Service Limited (189, Regent Street, London, W.1). This firm, in fact, specialises in music festivals throughout Europe. (Austrian State Tourist Department, 49, Dover Street, W.1.)

ITALY.—Piedmont is one of the "unknown" provinces of Italy, for although many travellers pass through it on their way south, few stop to holiday there. This is a great pity, for in its western Alpine valleys there is much lovely scenery with many small, attractive villages. Apart from the internationally known Sestriere and near-by Claviere, the only resort of any size is Limone. It is beautifully situated amidst the surrounding mountains and is linked with daily bus services from Ventimiglia. I stayed recently at the Principe Hotel, and found it most comfortable. In the other valleys there are pleasant country hotels, where the charges are half what you pay in the popular regions of Italy. I traversed all the valleys, most of which are scenic, and especially liked the Varaita Valley (Ponte Chianale as a centre), the Vaudoises valleys (Torre Pellice as a centre), better known to us as the Waldensian and the home of those famous Protestant communities whose persecution inspired Milton's famous sonnet—the people there have not changed much from Cromwell's day, and I was taken by the local pastor to see Cromwell's Wall, a dam built with money sent out by this English ruler—the Ala and Locana valleys. In the former, I loved the little village of Balme, where the air is like champagne, and where I lodged most happily in the Hotel Pinete (at about 15s. a day). Elsewhere in Piedmont is the Biella region, with a number of really delightful small resorts. Macugnaga, for instance, is outstanding for its views over the Alps. (Italian State Tourist Office, 201, Regent Street, W.1.)

SAN MARINO.—The oldest and smallest republic in the world offers from the height on which its tiny capital is perched one of the finest panoramas of Europe, the vastness of its expanse being unique. Should you time your visit for either April 1 or October 1, you can witness the Investiture of the two Regent Captains, a most colourful ceremony. Excursions can be made to Rimini, Ravenna and Urbinol. There is satisfactory hotel accommodation in the town and the State Tourist Office can supply attractive brochures (in English). Prices are much the same as in Italy.

YUGOSLAVIA.—This summer will see a boom in travel to this highly popular holiday land, which ranks as one of the "cheap" countries of Europe. Many will be content to stay or cruise along the beautiful Dalmatian coast, Dubrovnik being easily the best centre. There are also several motor-coach tours offered by various travel agents, but as the monopoly in Yugoslavia is held by one company, the itineraries are all identical. It is as well to point out that conditions in some places visited by this tour are rather rough, and I have had varying reports on results from those who have made this trip.

Preferable, I think, are the tours arranged by Ramblers' Association Services (48, Park Road, Baker Street, N.W.1), which include two mountain tours (for the energetic) and two rail-bus-steamer tours that take you to a variety of interesting places, including the Iron Gates and Macedonia. Not least of the appeal in these cleverly-planned tours is that you really do get away from the beaten tourist track, at the same time seeing places of outstanding scenic and historical interest. (Yugoslav National Tourist Office, 143, Regent Street, W.1.)

Gordon Cooper

LAKE MAGGIORE, THE EVER-POPULAR SWISS HOLIDAY RESORT: A view of the famous lake at Locarno. Popular with politicians and ordinary holiday-makers, such towns as Locarno, Ascona and Stresa provide pleasant relaxation.

A PICTURESQUE PIEDMONTESE VILLAGE IN THE SHADOW OF THE MONTE ROSA RANGE: Macugnaga, a scattered community consisting of a number of hamlets, is notable for the access it gives to the Monte Rosa range and for the magnificent view of the peak itself.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

DOWN the SLOPES

The Bobsleigh Championships at Cortina, and the Ski-ing Events at Kitzbühel

THE WOR[LD] BOBSLEIGH CHAMPIONSHIPS AT CORTINA D'AMPEZZO, IN ITALY: Spectators crane forward as a [two]-man sleigh nears the winning-post during the pre-championship trials. Italy took both first [and] second places in the two-man sleigh events, and a team from the United States came third. The driver of the winning sleigh was Guglielmo Scheibmeier, a twenty-nine-year-old hotel-keeper who took up bobsleighing only three weeks before the championships were held. Only one accident marred this event: this was on the second day, when a sleigh of the Swiss team [over]turtled off the track while rounding a bend, the driver receiving a fractured backbone.

THE WINNING CREW IN THE BOBSLEIGH CHAMPIONSHIPS AT CORTINA: Driver G. Scheibmeier and brake-man A. Zambelli seen speeding down the Cortina slope. Scheibmeier's aggregate time for four runs was 5 mins. 47.08 secs. His two final runs were the fastest ever to be recorded on the Cortina track.

AN AMERICAN PAIR WHO MADE A RECORD RUN AT CORTINA: They are Patrick Biesadiseki, of Ware, Massachusetts, and Lloyd Johnson, from Rapid City, in South Dakota. Their record run was made during the preliminary events.

SPEEDING TO VICTORY IN THE WOMEN'S DOWNHILL RACE AT KITZBÜHEL, AUSTRIA: Erika Mahringer, of Austria, seen entering the last slope, leading the race, which she won in a time of 3 mins. 11 secs., at times travelling at over 35 miles an hour. All the first four places in this event were won by Austrian girls. In fifth place was Mirl Buckner, of Germany, who had previously won the giant Slalom event.

On left—

THE WINNER OF THE MEN'S EVENT AT KITZBÜHEL: Christian Pravda, a native of Kitzbühel, seen nearing the finishing slope. Austrians did even better in the men's events than they did in the women's, taking the first seven places out of a field of forty-three.

ANOTHER AUSTRIAN WINNER: Tony Spiss, who won the men's Slalom event. Here again the Austrians were superior to other national teams, taking six of the first ten places.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

DAY BY DAY WITH LEWIS CARROLL

Under the Scholarly Editorship of Roger L. Green the Author's Diaries, from His Twenty-third Year, Make Delightful Reading

IN the very names of some writers there is a magic, and among these will always be Lewis Carroll, who not only enchanted our childhoods with *Alice* and the *Snark*, but added words and phrases and whole sentences of inspired nonsense to our language and literature. Lewis Carroll was, of course, the pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, a minor mathematician and logician of Christ Church, Oxford, a man with a strong sense of family, which often found expression in practical ways, and a keen amateur photographer whose surviving work sometimes attains real beauty and a surprising mastery of a then difficult medium.

Lewis Carroll was born in 1832, and was just sixty-six, and apparently in his usual excellent health and spirits, when he had a severe bronchial attack which was to prove fatal. In those years he had lived his life with his sisters, his young relations and his friends, and brought his own inimitable zest to it, whether in his lectures, his hours spent lying on the grass and writing, taking his photographs, discussing the Christian religion, of which he was such a gentle exponent, or talking sense and brilliant nonsense. It is fortunate for us that he kept a diary from the time he was twenty-three, and although four volumes of this have been lost, and the entries are sometimes irregular, under the scholarly and sympathetic editorship of Mr. Roger Lancelyn Green, THE DIARIES OF LEWIS CARROLL (Cassell, 2 Vols. 30s. each) are a valuable as well as a delightful addition to any bookshelf or bedside table.

THE LATE HARRY WISDOM, WHO DIED LAST WEEK AGED NINETY: He joined "The Sphere" at the time of the foundation of the paper in 1900 and remained in its service as an editorial assistant until he retired in 1936. Mr. Wisdom was associated with illustrated journalism from 1875.

Each year Trinity College, Cambridge, provides a series known as the Clark Lectures for the use of its university, and these may deal with any subject connected with English literature, as a natural corollary of which they have generally been delivered by professional students or distinguished critics of literature. Last year, however, they were given by a distinguished scholar indeed, but one who describes himself as a layman in the field of literature; a general reader. A LAYMAN'S LOVE OF LETTERS (Longmans. 11s. 6d.) consists of these six lectures given by Dr. G. M. Trevelyan, O.M., and as I read through them, with their profound learning, their freshness of thought and their exquisite simplicity of language, I only regretted that, as well as possessing the book for re-reading, I had not heard the words spoken.

The nineteen poems of Dr. Edith Sitwell's new volume, GARDENERS AND ASTRONOMERS (Macmillan. 8s. 6d.), give us a familiar glimpse of the power of this fine poet's imagery, and the familiar splendour of her artist's sense of colour.

> What were the sounds I heard through the begonia-yellow music
> Spangled with gold as by Sirius and his bright train . . .

Or the more acute

> And men of emeralds walking through the night
> Of early Chinese annals, Emperor Hwan-Te,
> Whose pleasure dome was an observatory, Chien-Ke
> Who shook a branch and all the stars together glittered bright:
> Now they are but the dust of lilies on our garden-bed.

What a wonderful contradiction—and in words—is this poet, to the theory that life must necessarily be grey!

The Rt. Hon. C. S. Amery is a statesman of long and honoured standing, and if his view of the world is not poetic, it is none the less idealistic, for he believes implicitly, and in this new book of his, explicitly, in the theory and, ideally, the practice, of economic interdependence in what we used to call the Empire. A BALANCED ECONOMY (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.) expresses his views categorically and lucidly and, in spite of the controversial questions that some people may find that it raises, this is, above all, the book of a cultured, sensitive and experienced man, dedicated to the cause of his country.

I don't know how far the same thing could be said of Mr. Herbert Hoover, because these nuances are always more difficult to judge outside one's own country, but as one of the two living ex-Presidents of the United States, his autobiography, in the new and third volume, may be regarded with considerable respect. THE HOOVER MEMOIRS, 1929-41 (Hollis and Carter. 30s.), cover the period of the great depression, which the author sees as originating outside the United States and continuing "not only during my term, but for eight years more, until the start of the Second World War in 1941."

I have quoted this passage with some care because there may be English, Canadian, French, Polish, Belgian, Norwegian, Dutch, South African, Australian, New Zealand and, Heaven knows, German readers, who had some faint idea that World War II started in September 1939. But whoever you are, you're wrong. Mr. Hoover says it started in 1941. Apart from that little divergence of opinion, the book is well worth reading as the expression of an important ex-statesman's opinion, and wonderfully provocative in its criticisms or slatings of Mr. Roosevelt's New Deal administration, when he succeeded to the Presidency in 1932.

EVIL GENIUS (Wingate. 15s.) is a biography of that misshapen little creature, Goebbels, written by Erich Ebermayer and Hans-Otto Meissner, from information supplied by his own mother and sister, by his surviving stepson and by Magda Goebbels' closest friend. The extraordinary story has been translated and freely adapted by Louis Hagen, and forms a kind of footnote, though not in the same impeccable manner, to Mr. Hugh Trevor-Roper's *Last Days of Hitler*. Perhaps the queerest thing it attempts to prove is that Goebbels was an even more repellent character than his chief, without vision of any sort, even the vile, but with limitless capacities for destruction, vilification and murder.

Mrs. Patricia Petzoldt's book almost literally clears the air, for she writes about her seventeen years of travelling round the world and climbing mountains with her husband in ON TOP OF THE WORLD (Collins. 15s.). They ran a mountain-climbing school in Wyoming at one point, lived in Mexico on nothing much more than the proverbial shoestring at another, lived in a haunted house, visited India, were almost murdered there by a hostile mob, and, in the intervals of all these activities, climbed mountain after mountain. A fine, lively book, and full of the vitality that must be such an essential part of mountaineering.

The first three of this week's novels are concerned with people in tangles, dramatic, melodramatic, or simply emotional in origin. First of all, Miss Margaret Ferguson's novel, THE HICKORY BUSH (Cassell. 10s. 6d.), which is by no means a thriller in the accepted sense of the term, but which does open with an excellently written scene in which a young woman is waiting in her London flat for the result of her sister's trial on a charge of murder. The rest of the book is very nearly up to this high standard and written with a real understanding of the way people behave under conditions of unusual strain.

THE RETURNING WATERS (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) is the story of an assistant director, a scholarly chap, to a museum in Bloomsbury, who goes back to work after an accident in which his much-loved wife has been killed, to look for peace of mind in the studies that have been so important a part of his life. Within a few days he finds out that not only was his wife having an affair with one of his juniors, but that she had been involved in a deal to sell a forged painting, about all of which he is to be blackmailed. The fact that Mr. Douglas Hewitt is able to write about these doings in a far from sordid way is a measure, I think, of his strength as a novelist.

IN THE MATHER STORY (Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.) Mr. John Prebble, who knows his newspaper world, writes satirically and racily about a man detailed by his newspaper to investigate the report that a well-known painter is going to expose a fellow R.A. as a painter of pornographic pictures. This, I imagine, is the kind of situation sometimes referred to by the Americans in irony as a "sweet set-up," and I must say that Mr. John Prebble does his best with it. I would add that his best includes good descriptive writing, taut dialogue, and a very neat sense of irony.

This week's ration of thrillers includes a new Perry Mason story, THE CASE OF THE LAZY LOVER (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.), which I found extremely involved but logically planned and not too impossible or improbable, if you can accept the premise that suspected murderesses pole-vault around in the Californian hills. Perhaps not one of Mr. Erle Stanley Gardner's very best, but a good second-string entry.

THE TOUCH OF DEATH (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.) is Mr. John Creasey's new work, rated as the seventeenth Dr. Palfrey adventure, and containing at least its share of rambunctious to-ings and fro-ings. One of the things one admires most, in fact, about Mr. Creasey's writing is its magnificent disregard of the everyday, and the ease with which he handles such ingredients as New Zealand mountains, parachutists, terrorists and, of course, beautiful, dark girls.

KISS THE KILLER (Hammond. 9s. 6d.) might come under the heading of insalubrious titles, and so might its plot, except that its hero is on the side of the angels or, at least, the law enforcers. Mr. Joseph Shallit has written about crime in a part of Philadelphia and, specifically, about one of the foulest of crimes, the corruption of children to the drug habit. The action is typically tough and fast-moving, but it is difficult to find an entertainment value in even the most ethical treatment of this subject.

VICTORIAN ROB ROY

The Indefatigable John MacGregor

A man who travels the waterways of Europe and along her coasts in small boats, handing out religious tracts by the score, sounds an incredible bore, and this is exactly what John (Rob Roy) MacGregor used to do; but this Victorian traveller, mountaineer, philanthropist, volunteer soldier and publicist, this jack-of-all-trades, was anything but a bore. Rob Roy MacGregor touched life at many points, his enthusiasms were endless, and over and above all he was a leader of youth. He helped to found the Shoeblack Society to find work for London's ragged children, and he had plans for a children's messenger service, for a corps of little girls to whiten doorsteps at a penny a time, while brigades of newspaper boys, young knife-sharpeners and window-cleaners were also part of his grand design for youth. MacGregor captured people's imaginations because whatever he did he did it with all his might, and he had such a flair for publicity that he soon had everybody else doing it too—hence the great success of his canoe club, which he founded in 1866 and of which he persuaded the Prince of Wales to become president. Arthur Ransome gives a brief but fascinating account of MacGregor's career in his introduction to the Mariners' Library edition of MacGregor's book, THE VOYAGE ALONE IN THE YAWL ROB ROY (Rupert Hart-Davis. 9s. 6d.). The book tells the story of the voyage from London to Paris via the Thames, the Channel and the Seine. Other men have been better sailors and made longer voyages, but the author's zest for high adventure, so well communicated, puts his work in a class apart.

From Rob Roy let us turn to Rabbie Burns, not the immortal poet of often incomprehensible language, who used some 1,200 dialect words peculiar to the Scottish Lowlands, not to mention a compromise vocabulary of near-English words. We turn instead to a new Anglicised Burns, the work of William Kean Seymour, who feels like many before him that the difficulty of Burns' language to any but his fellow-countrymen must always prevent the world at large from fully appreciating his finest poems. BURNS INTO ENGLISH (Wingate. 12s. 6d.) presents fifty of the narrative and lyric poems so that English readers may enjoy them without recourse to Scottish dictionaries and glossaries. The volume starts with "Tam O'Shanter," perhaps the finest outpouring of the poet's genius. Without the Lowland language the poem's resemblance to Masefield's "Reynard the Fox" is truly remarkable. No matter what they may say north of the Border, there is no doubt that Mr. Seymour has succeeded in his aim, and let us hope we can look forward to some further translations from the Lallans. It was William Cowper who said of Burns: "His candle is bright, but shut up in a dark lantern." Now at last that is no longer true.

It is no news that good wine can be made in England from English grapes grown in the open air; and, in fact, people have been doing it since Roman times, when Domitian had to pass an edict prohibiting grape-growing because of rivalry to the Roman home-grown Italian product. At one time the London borough of Fulham produced a fine red wine like a burgundy. The last commercial vineyards were those of the Marquis of Bute at Castle Coch and Swanbridge, where the Gamay Noir was planted with success in 1875. In his book, WINE GROWING IN ENGLAND (Rupert Hart-Davis. 7s. 6d.), Mr. George Ordish not only gives us many fascinating details of this old-time industry, but practical hints on setting about the task of making wine to-day, advising what presses and other equipment to buy, indicating the Excise conditions and setting out the likely profits that could be obtained.

Robert Jungk, a Jewish student in Berlin in the days when Hitler came to power, an anti-Nazi through the days of his young manhood, has lived a life symbolic of our times, deeply disturbed at every turn and for ever facing new and unpredictable forces. In 1947 he had the chance to go to the United States as a correspondent of the Swiss Press, and the book he has written after a sojourn of over five years is called TO-MORROW IS ALREADY HERE (Rupert Hart-Davis. 16s.). This conducted tour of modern America is full of good journalism, and full of vivid pictures of men struggling to control the machines and the weapons of their own creation.

REPORT ON THE ATOM (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 16s.) is the story of new developments in the atomic field by Gordon Dean, chairman from 1950 to 1953 of the United States Atomic Energy Commission. Mr. Dean is to be congratulated on his lucid explanation of the highly complicated processes of nuclear fission.

Reginald le May, former Economic Adviser to the Siamese Government, has for long devoted himself to the task of interpreting the East to the West. His new volume, THE CULTURE OF SOUTH-EAST ASIA (George Allen and Unwin. 42s.), is the first comprehensive work on the subject in any language. The book is written essentially for the layman, without footnotes or elaborate cross-references. The author reveals the extent to which Burma, Siam, Malaya, Sumatra, Java and French Indo-China have derived their art from India.

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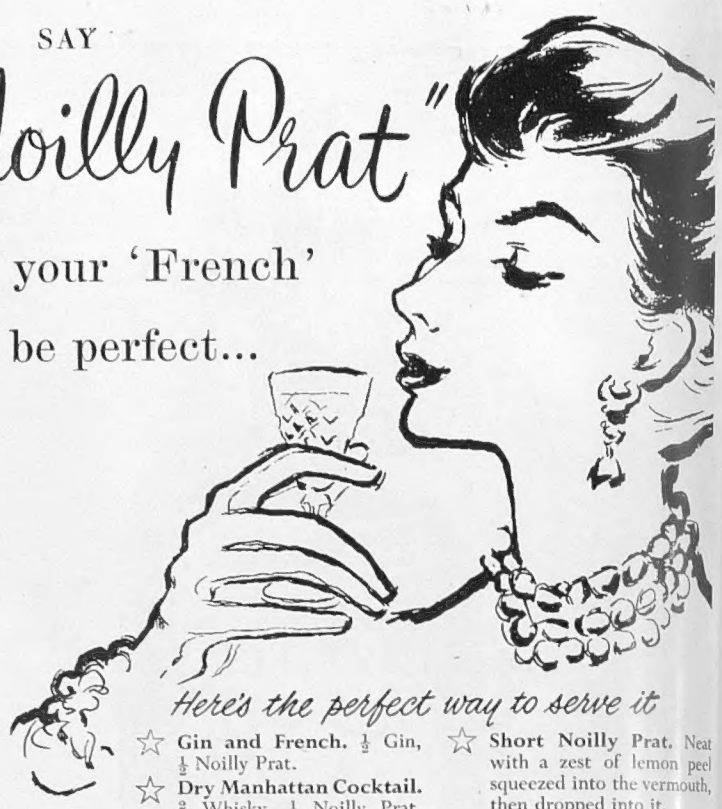

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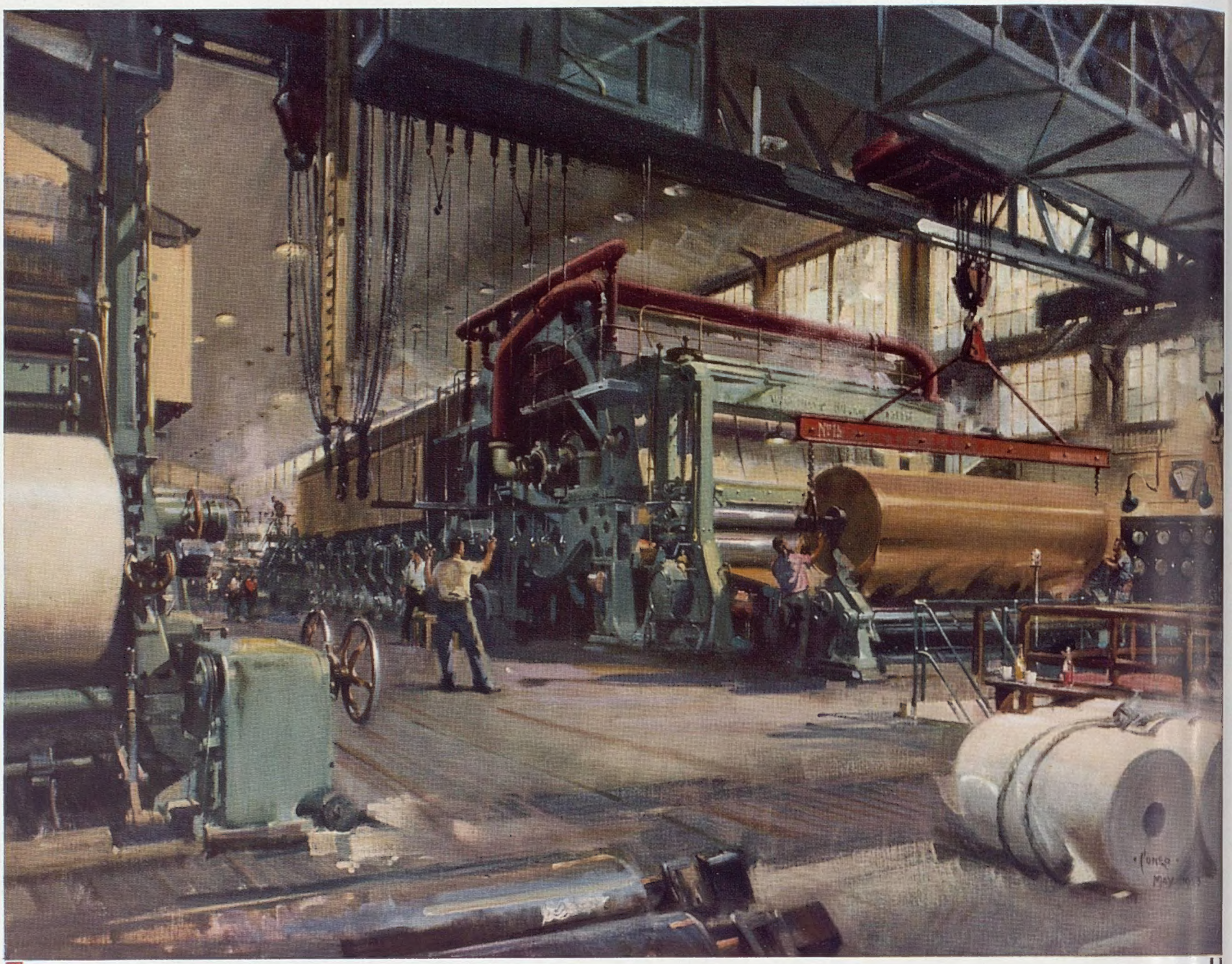

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Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1954. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.